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MRS. MARGARET BLISS

In dues.

boat.

Cars.

Stage.

On foot.

Basle to Stein
Stein to Baden

32

32

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11,898

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16,609

June	60.00
July	32.00
August	37.66
	<hr/> 129.66
	230.00
	<hr/> 100.34

Porcelain - - -	10.00
Coat & vest - - -	10.00
Pipe - - - -	2.16
Books - - - -	8.00
Soy & cases - - -	1.50
Sundries	6.00
	<hr/> 37.66

John W. Hanson
 Norridgewock
 Maine, N. S. A.

Little Page of a book in the University Library,
 Marburg, Germany. - - - -

Hoch fürstlich Schleswig-Holsteinischen Consistorial =
 Rathes Superintendenten und Hof Predigers Christliche
 Sitten Lehre. = Peter Haussner.

Carrotte Parf. Grate carot. let parts run off. 1 lb. carb. 1/4 flour -
 sub. milch to butter. fry in butter, eggs - beat eggs foam. fry in fat.

Univ. set forth in
 Wadsworth's Review, 1850. p. 97 -

From Bremen to Hannover, ~~Bremen~~ ~~Leipzig~~, ~~Hamburg~~.

Worcester	4.00
Miller & Gunn	5.00
Stiles & Bair	5.00

111
10

Random Notings

of a journey from Norridgewock,

Maine, U. S. A.,

to

Europe.

Commenced July 3^d, 1850, and ended Oct. 3, 1850.

July 3^d

Norridgewock
Det. H. H.
Long. 69.
30 miles

Left home this morning in the stage for Augusta. Cold, rainy, dull-dark. Friends seen sad at my departure, though hopeful of a safe return. Wife and child the only real cords pulling me away from realising the darling wish of my life — to go to Germany etc. At Augusta find I cannot leave in the afternoon, as expected. — Almost wish I had not started, though I must go. Can't help thinking of Billie, and thinking of what may take place in the few coming months. But Alah is Alah. Heaven is over all. Took tea at Bro. Drews, and tarried for the night at Bros. Roman & Manley's.

July 4th

(Was awakened this morning by the ringing of bells, and firing of cannon. Old and young seem bent on preserving the War spirit. When will a change take place? Started in a pretty little steamer for Bath. Saluted all the way down by musketry and

32 m-

Cannon, and "Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds." Find that the little boys learn and imitate the examples of their seniors, and that the spirit of War is thus sustained. Cracker, fuses, lead cannon, and little flies shrieking, and little discordant drums rattling faithful echoes of the larger, all indicate that the day of Peace Universal has not yet fully arrived. Am delighted at one thing: probably military displays are scarce even here! At several of our stopping places on the river engine companies with their peaceful insignias are out, while those poor foolish creatures, painted soldiers, are not to be seen. At Bath the cars, engines, depots and people seem arrayed as for a gala day. So far as this is done to commemorate the establishment of the principles of Liberty, I can fully sympathize, but not because a long and bloody and victorious war attended. All along the route to Portland the same rejoicings are witnessed. At Portland the display was very fine. The fire-engines were all out, and gorgeously decorated, presenting a ~~scene~~ ^{spectacle} I have never seen surpassed. Went to the Museum to see the fair proprietress, Mrs. S. M. Stevens, who had complimented me so kindly, but was unable to obtain a view. At 5 o'clock P. M. took the cars for Boston, Arrived at 10 o'clock, but the rain during the day had injured the fireworks, so that they were postponed. After walking about through the streets two hours to procure lodgings, I succeeded at last at the Adams House.

68 miles

90 miles

100 miles

July 5. Went about Boston to see various friends. (Met many of my old acquaintances at the Sumner Office, all of whom expressed great joy at my departure). Received 20¢ at the Museum Office, for letters to be written during my absence. Tried at other offices in vain. At night visited Lowell, where I was delighted to find my dear mother, sister and her husband in good health, and happy. It is now about a year since I have seen either of them, and the meeting is very pleasant. Was never so long from them before. They seem rather sorry that I am going, yet on many accounts, glad. / X

July 6. Spent at Lowell, among my friends and old acquaintances. They regard the opportunity I possess of visiting Europe a most favorable one. I have no doubt it will prove very beneficial to me, if my life is spared, and if it is not, surely I shall lose nothing by exchanging worlds. /

July 7. The fatigue caused by my journeyings prevented me from going to church this morning, but in the afternoon I listened to the ministrations of our excellent Bro. Williamson.

July 8. Went to Boston, hoping to obtain more means, but find it impossible. Must start with what I have, or remain behind. Returned at night to L.

July 9 In Lowell, running about seeing and being seen.

July 10 Have seen Mr. Strack, who says he will go Sat-
275 miles

uesday via Glasgow. It is said to be a pleasant route, and it certainly is cheap: (\$55.) Shall probably start tomorrow from Lowell.

July 11 Mr. Strack thinks all things considered, it is better to wait till next week, and take the Bremen Steamer, Washington, which leaves New York on the 20th. The pleasure and other advantages of going with him induce me to stay, though otherwise much against my will. The time will seem long, though if I were here on a visit among friends, weeks would be short.

July 12 Have tried hard to get my life insured and live money on the policy, but times are so hard I cannot succeed. After deducting my passage out, I shall have but \$160 to spend in Europe, and bring me home. Have changed my mind considerably about my baggage. Am advised by friends who have traveled in Europe to take as little baggage as possible. Shall leave my trunk, most of my books, and take as little as I can possibly get along with in a carpet bag. I shall thus escape the numerous demands for "shillings" which will be showered upon me by all who touch my baggage. I can carry it myself. Went to the Lowell Museum in the evening with Mrs. Robinson.

July 13 To day the citizens of Lowell are to celebrate the funeral obsequies of Gen. Taylor. Most of the streets are hung in mourning, the stores are

closed, the mills are stopped, and people of all parties out of respect to the Presidential Office, show that however they regard the career of the man, they honor the station he has occupied. Requiescat in pace. Though he obtained his station by murdering the people of Mexico, and in the hour of his death did not unloose his grasp of the red chain which was fastened around the necks of many of his fellow beings, - yet he is to be judged in the light he possessed, and by the circumstances under which he was educated. Many a Northern man, with superior light has acted worse. - Went in the afternoon to see the balloon ascend, but some defect in the machinery prevented. Saw two of my former loves, Harriet Ling and Hannah Morgan. How differently a few years will cause us to regard others. In the silly days of boyhood, how I thought I loved them! Now, how utterly indifferent they appear. Should they both, and myself be to say in "maiden meditation, fancy free." how impossible it would be for me to link my destiny to either of those. One - lean, unattractive, and the other a great coarse woman. And yet, I well remember the time when I would have dared and done everything for them. Should I see my alter ego now for the first time would it be so? Can she have changed thus, to any eyes? It is impossible. She preserves yet, to the eye and to the heart also, the bloom and beauty, and loveliness of spirit which captivated my youthful heart. May the God who brought us together, grant that the wing of his love may shield them, and that on my return I may love and appreciate her more than I ever yet have done.

July 14 Indisposition prevented church-going today, and I remained at home reading. Toward night I called on Sarah H. for the second time, and we walked to visit a Maine acquaintance.

July 15 Saw Mr. Jonathan Allen, who presents an unjust bill to me. Declares that I owe him, whereas he is indebted to me. Called about on friends, and went in the evening to hear the Sunday Singers.

July 16 Mr. Allen insists on his demand, and on calling on him for his papers. I find that he has altered his accounts, and changed a figure over my signature, — an act amounting to forgery. He threatens to prevent me from starting to-morrow, if I do not pay him, and I have threatened him to the State Prison if he negates his demand. Am satisfied that if he was sober he would not be so foolish as to insist. # He has done so, and

July 17 has caused a writ to be served on me. I procured a bail bond, signed by Joshua Merrill and Wm S. Robinson, and filed the dishonest Return. If I bring an action against him for altering his accounts, I must stay at home to meet it. I will therefore delay it till my return. If he desists on agreement, he will have no demand against me. If he preserves it, he will preserve proof of his villainy. In either case I shall nail him — In the evening I went to Prof. Stuckey's concert. Had a most excellent entertainment.

275 miles
July 18th Bade adieu to my dear mother, sister and friends,
and started for the point of embarkation, at 10 o'clock. In
Boston I met Rev. Asher Moore, who accompanied me
to New York. Saw also, Mr. J. P. Flint, of Roxbury.
We took the Fall River route, and had the Empire
State, - literally a floating palace. Arrived, after riding
out a terrible gale on the Sound. Saw one fine ship
entirely dismantled, rolling about helplessly on the
waves. The storm continued throughout the day. The
trees in the parks, the battens, the streets, and in the
surrounding country, are torn up by the roots, and
dismantled of their foliage - houses unroofed, and other
injuries; proving the gale to have been an awful
one. Went in the afternoon to see the friends at the
Messenger Office - thence to see Mrs. Ellen Whitman.
Remained all night, and left her and little George
the next morning.

July 20th Called at the Messenger Office, and met Bro. H. D.
Myer; went with him over to Brooklyn. Saw Bro.
S. B. Shayer, and dined with them. Had a very
agreeable time. Left Brooklyn at 10 o'clock, and
obtained a letter from Bro. Babel in N.Y. introduc-
ing me to Dr. Sedner. Went on board the
Washington, a truly magnificent steam-ship, which
is to be my home for the next two weeks. She has
two engines ~~each~~ of 1000 horse power, and is of
1750 tons burden. Her deck is 230 feet, her
beam 39, hold 30 1/2 deep; cylinder 6 in diameter;
wheels 39 ft in diameter; 7 1/2 ft dip, and 10 feet stroke.
She is every way strong as iron, well manned,
and looks as if she could weather the gale

and the storm — ¹¹⁴⁷ Practically at 3 o'clock, we left the wharf, and gradually my native land, containing all I prize on earth, began to recede in the distance. How strange the sensation that takes possession of my mind, as the green shores lessen and disappear. I cannot help thinking of the magnificent lines of Byron, in *Child Harold*.
 "Adieu, adieu, my native shores,
 Fades o'er the watery blue;

The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea mew,
 You Sun that sets upon the sea
 We leave in his western flight,
 Farewell awhile to him and thee —
 My native land — Good night!
 A few short hours and he will rise
 To give the morrow birth,
 And I shall hail the main and skies;
 But not my Mother Earth."

God bless thee America! May thy broad shores contain no heart worse disposed toward thee, than the one now swelling toward the blue line in the western horizon. — Scarcely had we left the shore, when the tyranny that exists on ship-board manifested itself. A sailor did not start with sufficient alacrity to obey the orders of the mate, when the latter dealt him a terrible blow on the face, which caused the blood to spout all over him. He carried the marks several days. It is one of the worst features of a sailor's life, that he is subject to the brutality of whatever officer may be over him. — Another fact struck me. A

large number of the sailors were quite drunk, and nearly all were more or less under the influence of ardent spirits. How many a vessel which has left port prosperously, and gone down, with all on board, may give the cause of its destruction in this simple fact = When they left port - all were drunk! — As we leave the last glimpse of land and make the open sea, I have a strange condition of stomach. Am I going to be sea-sick? I should fear that, if I had not been on the water so much before. Gave my supper to the fishes, and went to bed, fairly sick. At 12 o'clock, ^{the next day} we had made 180 miles.

July 21 An almost sleepless night, and a horrible day. The most unhappy Sunday I ever spent. Who can describe the horrors of Sea-sickness? Vain attempt. Take all the pains and agonies, and nausea and depression that all have felt or shall feel, from all other sicknesses, and one moment of sea-sickness out-does them all. Such pain, such deadly sickness, such utter weariness - such mental and bodily prostration, sickness - life-in-death, I never knew before. My companion Straker thought to amuse me, and he commenced reading from De Quincey's Confessions of an English Opium Eater. I could barely listen, and I hope measurably sympathize with him. At length he came to the following passage, [#]illustrative of the fancies of the Eater: "Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlight, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances

ances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From a hundred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hoisted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fired for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the mouth of Burma through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Seers laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid confounded with all unutterable stinky things, amongst seeds and Nilotic mud." Thus far Sir Duncanson, when, sick as Death, I was just able to say - Was he not seasick? Then he lacked the last ingredient in the cup of misery. Passed an unutterably horrible day, and wished a thousand times I had never left home.

July 22 just able at break of day to stagger on deck, to look about. Nothing in view but the "gray and melancholy waste" of Ocean. Kept my bed most of the day, except at intervals of vomiting. Was hailed by a boat and four men, asking us for a paper. The vessel to which they belonged was a dim white speck in the far distance. How it would alarm

22@12m.203m some of our fresh water sailors to be so far on such a sea, in so small a craft. Have made 203 miles since yesterday at 12 m. and are now in Lat. $40^{\circ} 56'$, and Long. $66^{\circ} 2'$. So bad more miserable than ever. I have now been on board 2 1/2 days, and have eaten seven meals, very light, and have vomited them all up, and a great deal more ~~that~~ (I am confident by the taste) I never did eat.

July 23 A little better this morning. Ate a very light breakfast, and kept out of my berth. Was able by dint of lying on my back, to keep my breakfast where it will do me good. Feel more vigorous every hour, and ~~but~~ I may enjoy the voyage yet, as I feared I should not. At 12 m. had made 214 miles, and are in Lat. $42^{\circ} 4'$ N. and Long. $62^{\circ} 4'$ West. Partook of dinner rather lightly, and was able to retain it in duance. Began to enjoy the ocean ride. How bracing are the breezes as they come from the Banks. And as I reflect upon it, how great a victory of Man over Nature, is a Steamship. How majestically she plows the briny deep! The vigorous lines of Sclerites are irresistibly brought to mind:

"With foam before and fire behind,
She sends the clinging sea;
That flies before the roaring wind
Beneath her hissing lee."

"The morning spray like sea-born flowers
With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast in ringing showers,

With every wave that swells.
 And flaring o'er the midnight deep
 In lurid finges thrown,
 The ~~brilliant~~ ^{brilliant} gems of Ocean Sweep
 Along her flashing zone.

"With flashing wheel and lifting Reel
 And smoking torch on high,
 When winds are loud and billows reel
 She thunders foaming by.
 When seas are silent and serene,
 With even beam she glides,
 The sunshine glimmering through the green
 That skirts her gleaming sides.

"To-night your pilot shall not sleep,
 Who trims his narrowed sail;
 To-night your figate scarce shall Reep
 Her broad breast to the gale;
 And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
 Shall break from yard and stay,
 Before this smoky wreath has stained
 The rising mist of day.

"Hark! Hark! I hear you whistling shroud;
 I see you quivering mast;
 The black throat of the hunted cloud
 Is panting forth the blast.
 An hour and whirled like winnowing chaff,
 The giant surge shall fling
 His tresses o'er your pennon staff,
 White as the sea birds wing.

"Yet rest ye wanderers of the Deep,

Nor wind nor wave shall tire

Those fleshless arms whose pulses leap

With floods of living fire!"

Day and night, in storm and calm, we sweep onward to our point of destination. True, if it is the will of God, we are no nearer safe here than if in a jolly boat. We are his here, and on the land. He has appointed bounds which we cannot pass, even on terra firma, while we cannot die until he wills it, though we may be in the mid Atlantic, clinging to a single spar. Said one to me before leaving home, — "Have you a Life Preserver?" "Yes" I replied pointing aloft, "I have one that has preserved me thus far, and one that will continue to protect my life as long as it is of any value to him, to me, or to mankind" Looked at by a careless eye, out here on the fathomless ocean, "hanging on the peaked wave" I may seem in danger, — but is not the whole earth, with its Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, its streams, islands and continent at this very moment literally hanging on nothing? He who sustains the one in its trackless orbit, will smooth the waves and restore me to my loved ones, — or bestow on me a greater good — even Everlasting Life. To him I commit myself. — Have read the Confessions of an English Opium Eater, and was much interested. Enjoyed the first real good night's sleep since I came on board.

"Calm and peaceful was my sleep,

2

Rocked in the cradle of the Deep."

The wind has thus far continued fresh, and the weather bright with the exception of fog.

July 24 As ^{lovely} ~~beautiful~~ a day as ever looks in beauty on the sea. The ocean is never and brights as burnished

207 miles

silver, and we make good progress. At 12 o'clock we had come 207 miles, and are in N. Lat $43^{\circ} 15'$ and W. Longitude $57^{\circ} 43'$. I am much interested in the rude melody and poetry of the songs the sailors use while pulling at the ropes. I will endeavor to transcribe some of them. The effect is certainly very fine. — Perhaps I may now defer it until another day. — Our expenses must be very large.

The mate assures me that the Washington carries 800 tons of coal each voyage, which alone cost about 4000\$. Add to ~~this~~ the expenses of the fifty hands, and the other expenses, and it seems as if we were a floating world of our own. The mail however pays \$16,000 a trip. and our 66 passengers about 5000\$. The vessel also carries about \$25,000 in specie, and 600 tons of freight, at 1\$ per square foot. Her voyages must be very profitable. — Our passengers are very civil, and well disposed. In the first cabin and second are the following persons: Thomas Bradford, lady, governess, two children, and nurse; Mrs. Mailland, child, and nurse; Mr. Mills, lady, child and servant; D. Fehrmann, lady, 2 children and nurse; Mrs. G. M. Floyd, 2 children; and nurse; Mrs. Wardell; Miss A. Westervelt; F. Schmidt; L. J. Descombes; W. W. Cooksey; Miss C. Roberts; infant and nurse; Mr. Meyer; Mr. S. Chamberlain, all of N.Y. A. Rancayola of Maricao; W. H. Phil

life of Brooklyn; H. W. Sturges of San Francisco; Mrs.
 Fallenstein, two children, and servants of Missouri; J. Marcher
 of N. Y.; two Messrs Lawrence, of Boston; E. Thompson and
 lady of Mich.; E. Hubalt, Paris; Mrs. Doler & child, Ger-
 many; Mrs. Jenkins, lady & child, Cuba; J. Peters, N. Y.;
 Aug. Schulse, of Ind.; G. Lafargue, A. Oppermann, France;
 C. Shelley, Eng.; J. Miller, Ohio; L. Strack, Lowell; J. M.
 Hanson, Maine; J. Donahy, Prov.; Ludwig Bueck, J. C. Scribner,
 J. Habas, A. Hagenius & lady, H. Waller & son, J. Friedrich
 J. Petersen, — Simmesman N. Y. — But the profanity
 among the crew is awful. There should really be a
 reform in this matter. The Captain of a vessel ought
 to see to it, that his passengers are not offended and
 insulted by the obscenity and vulgarity of his crew.
 It is positively improper for a lady to take passage
 in the second cabin, unless she keeps her state
 room continually. — I think I have not heard as
 much bad language in ten years as since I came
 on board. — The fare in the first cabin is very fine,
 equal to a first class hotel, every description of fresh fish
 and fowl, nicely cooked, with pastry, ices, fruit and
 luxuries. In the second cabin, plain substantial articles
 of diet, well cooked, with tea and coffee, without milk.
 For instance, for breakfast — tea & coffee, boiled rice, ship bread, stale
 bread, steak, ham, mutton chop, ice water, &c; dinner, roast
 beef, boiled mutton, corn beef, string ^{vegetables} beans, baked beans &c; —
 for supper, cold corned beef, cold roast beef, cold boiled ham,
 cold roast pork, cold bread & butter, tea &c — — The waiters
 are very kind, and all things seem contrived for
 our comfort. The weather is delightful, and all are
 cheerful and happy. A night of sweet sleep.

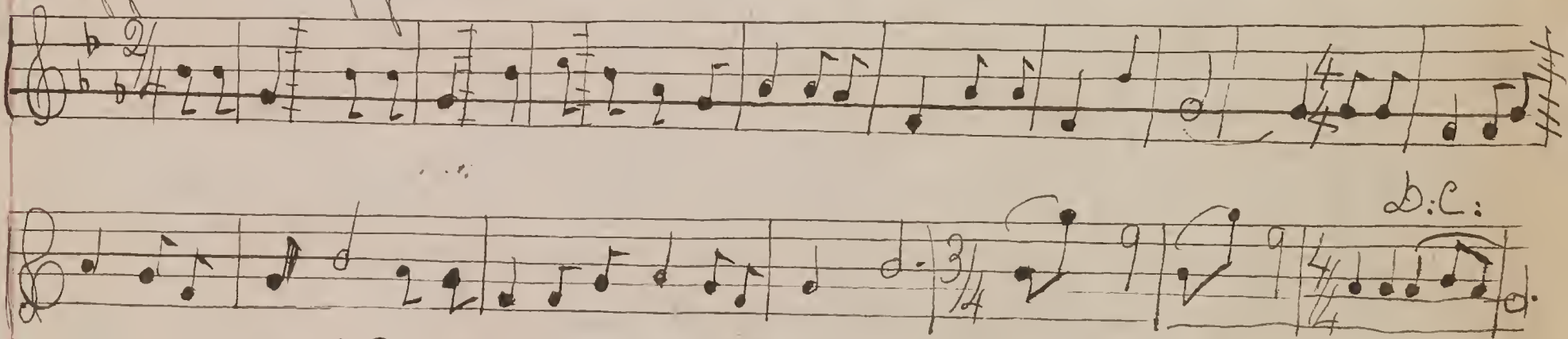
July 25 Was awakened at 8 o'clock, by the ringing of the breakfast bell. Slept 11 hours! Raining hard, and wind quite fresh; the motion of the vessel considerable. For got to mention that we have several times seen vessels on the horizon edge, but yesterday we passed within about a mile of a fine bark, bound for America. At 12 to day had made 227 miles and are in N. Lat. $44^{\circ} 26'$ m and W. Long $52^{\circ} 33'$ m. In all human probability we are now in the latitude where the steamer President was lost. Reasonable conjecture estimates the latitude of the Newfoundland banks of the place, and some large field of ice, ^{as the cause,} against which she ran either in the night, or in such a fog as has enveloped us for several hours passed. What a dreadful scene that must have been. I never fully appreciated it until now. How awful the spectacle should this vast structure with its cargo of humanity go to pieces. What struggles and distress, and manifestations, Ah! Thrill, and shock, and awe! I am reminded here that the fine vessel the "City of Glasgow" which I contemplated going to Germany in, via Glasgow, went ashore at Halifax. Surely, thus far I have gained by my course, and have been prospered. Saw a shark and a group attack a small fish at the same moment. Saw numbers of porpoises. We are now on the fishing grounds, and every few minutes through the day and evening I hear the bell announce vessels; mostly fishermen. One ~~stroke~~ ^{stroke} signified a vessel on the right, two that the "look out" must look to the left, and a tolling, that it is right ahead. — The bells which

announce the time of day or night, I have learned. Eight bells signify four, eight, or twelve o'clock, and each bell after indicates half an hour of additional time. For instance one bell is half past four, half past eight, or half past twelve; two bells is five, nine, or one o'clock, three bells halfpast 2. The watch from 12 o'clock mid-
night to four A.M. is the middle watch; from four to eight A.M. is the morning watch; from 8 A.M. to 12 M. is the forenoon watch; from 12 M. to 4 P.M. is the afternoon watch; from 4 to 8 P.M. is the evening watch, and from 8 P.M. till 12 mid. is the night watch.

July 26. The wind has gone down somewhat. Not as many
sheep on the sea as yesterday. We have traveled
223 m 223 miles and are in Lat $45^{\circ} 8' m$ and W.
Long. $47^{\circ} 44' m$. The ship rolls more than ever,
and the voyage is getting to be an old story.
There is more poeetry than truth in Barry the
song - "A Life on the Ocean Wave." It will do
to sing on shore, surrounded by all the com-
forts and dear delights of home, but give me
the good broad earth, and sweet home.
I am sick and tired of Ocean. A sailor of
many years experience was asked if he ever
knew a sailor who was an Atheist, and
he said he never knew but one. How
to reconcile this with the wickedness and pro-
fanity I know not. - I have been amused at
the difference in manners between our fellow passen-
gers and Americans. It is no uncommon thing
to see one otherwise very polite, spit in his

1604 m plate that he does not relish, - blow his nose at the table &c. I asked one to day for a little affluence, and he gave me five large table spoons full, nearly filling my plate. I have seen several eat an entire bunch of pickles, rather an unusual occurrence at an American table. — Another quarrel and fight between the mate and a sailor &c.

July 27 A fresh, beautiful morning, and quite a high sea. The vessel rolled during the night very violently, and from that or some other cause I dreamed unpleasantly of home — that Willie was sick &c. — We are at 12 today in N. Lat $46^{\circ} 32'$ m and W. Long $42^{\circ} 26'$ m and have made the best ship voyage yet — 240 miles. — Heard my companion humming a German air, which I remember to have heard a German girl sing in America. Dressed a copy.



„Gute Nacht, Gute nacht,
Liebe Anna Dorothee.
Gute nacht, gute nacht,
Schlaf wohl!

Und der Windmüller malt wunder Wind geht
Und er küsst seine Frau wenn ihm anstellt. —
Draussen, draussen, draussen.

Geht der Wind, bei der nacht!

Heigho! how lonely I am getting to be. Songfellow

tells us that it is a beautiful thing to look out on the waves when

"Like the wings of sea birds

Flash the white caps of the sea" - and so it is - but it is quite a different thing this everlasting monotony. Change, change, anything for a change.

"Bright would be any prospect that would sweep away the wait, salt, dread, eternal deep."

We went to the forecabin in the evening and heard several of the sailors sing sea songs, and relate the adventures they had met. Many of the airs and songs were very beautiful, and the stories were related with a degree of interest which, if caught and transferred to paper, would have enlisted the attention of all. Many, however were such as too often pollute the mouths of sailors. The vessel rocked terribly during the night - too much altogether to enable me to feel like a "cradled creature".

July 28 / Sunday on the Sea, once more. Find it necessary to put flannel on. Passed a large Liverpool Sinner soon after breakfast. It proved to be the ^{Jessica} ~~Phaethon~~, loaded with passengers. All well. It was one of the finest sights I ever saw. The wind was a little ahead of our beam, and blowing very strong, and she was bearing right before it. She had every sauc of snowy canvas set, and literally, "walked the water like a thing of life". Passed a smaller vessel at a distance. At 12 m we were in Lat 47° 25' N and W Long. 37° 32' W and have made 207 miles in twenty four hours. A strong cold east wind, "dead ahead" as the sailors say, prevents us from making such progress as we otherwise would. One of the sailors,

2051 m/ has been delighting me with one of the best airs I ever heard. Stripped of all bookery, it runs as follows:

I — I've journey'd over many lands, I've sailed o'er every sea; And Egypt's parching burning sands, No strangers are to me.
 2 — My home has been the mountain steep, — The desert cave my bed; The waves have rocked me to sleep, And lulled my aching head. D.C.

I — Beneath the savage Indian cot, Or wild Atlantic shores, Dear girl I never yet forgot The smile of thy bright eyes.
 2 — But still the iron grasp of care Has never dared to press: The sunshine of thy smile is there, Thy memory to bless.

How unlike the sacred beauty of my dear home, at whose holy altar my companion ministers, are the rude tossings, the noise and confusion of this great floating Babel, on this Sunday evening. May such be few in my experience! Having read and written a little after dark, I retired to sleep at 9, remembering that though it is 9 o'clock here, in Noridgewood the sun has at least another hour to travel, ere he ceases to light the trees and fields and homes ~~of~~ with the beauty of his parting smile.

July 29,

Wind still nearly ahead, and weather like November on the land. Was only awakened when the bell rang for breakfast. Believe I never slept so delightfully in my life, as after daylight in the ship. Slept sweetly and have the most glorious dreams. — Was amused this morning at a mistake made by a French and German gentleman, both understanding the language quite imperfectly. Said the Frenchman: "What make you look sober, dees morning?" — The German replied "I am not drunk". I explained the different meanings of the word, and suggested that serious was a better word. Another French gentleman related a laughable anecdote, suggested by the incident. An Englishman in

Paris wished to know the way to the great Cemetery, Pere La
 Chaise, and recollecting that the Cemetery was named
 Pere la Chaise from a good catholic priest of that name,
 Father Chaise, and remembering also that Chaise signified
 chain, and not exactly remembering the exact form
 of the phrase, he enquired the way to Papipantenil!
 Daddys amchain! — At 12 m. we are in N. Lat $48^{\circ} 22'$ and
 191 m W. Long $32^{\circ} 55'$ and have made 191 miles. Cold easter-
 ly winds still. Weather very much like November in Maine.
 Occasionally a few hours warm and pleasant, but mostly very
 disagreeable. — I saw last evening for the first time, in
 all its beauty, what for want of a better name I
 will call the Aurora Borealis of the Sea. I have frequently
 seen the salt water present a phosphorescent appearance, but
 never so beautiful. Whenever a wave broke was a drift of
 pearly fire, while the vessel was surrounded by piles of
 white light, in the midst of which constantly sparkled
 danced and whirled ~~and disappeared~~ myriads of golden stars, of surpassing
 beauty. It was a splendid sight. — Saw two ships to-day
 night, but they bore wide of us. It is very singular that
 while we are on the great path across the northern Atlantic
 and while there are thousands of sail hurrying to
 and fro on their way among the nations, we meet
 but one a day, and frequently less than that. But the
 vast breadth of the mighty ocean, and
 the ever shifting
 Drifting, drifting, drifting
 currents of the restless main,
 and the veering and varying winds, constantly driving
 vessels from their courses seem to explain the ap-
 parent mystery. So bed after — long dull and
 weary day.

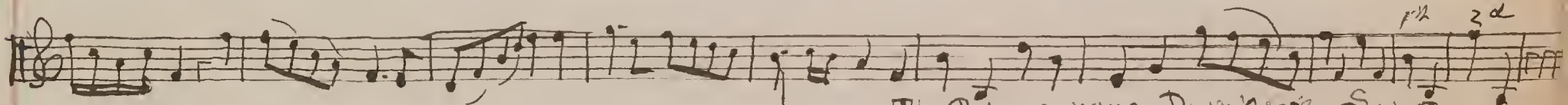
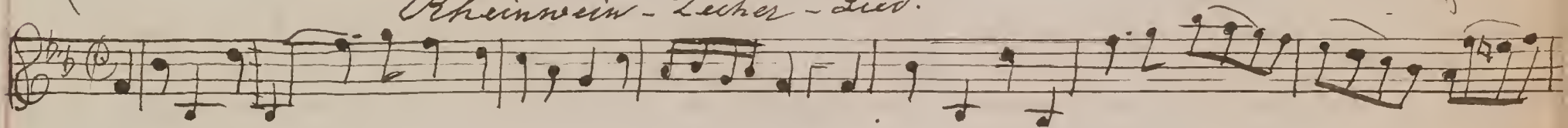
July 30

I have just been looking at a large and beautifully colored engraving, representing the flags of the world. How strikingly do their colors, mottoes and emblems set forth their character and history. A dreadful bloody red, is the prevailing color, while threatening, vindictive mottoes, and ugly birds and beasts of prey are almost universal. Even America herself, the Christian nation par excellence, paints bloody stripes on her banner, and an eagle, with a bunch of arrows and thunderbolt, - the Bird of morose savage Jove, with his warlike implements. To the beautiful blue and stars no one can object. Would not our banner be lovely to the eye and in a moral point of view, if the stripes were a rich dark blue and white, and the ^{golden} stars on a blue ground with a white dove soaring among them with the peaceful olive branch in her beak? The same bad taste prevails in the coat of arms of many of the States. Massachusetts has an Indian with barbed arrow, a stalwart arm with a drawn sword, and a motto which says "we seek peace through liberty by the sword." Not a word of Christianity in the whole of it. Maine however has a coat of arms simple, appropriate and peaceful. However, with our Mexican and other wars, and slavery, our spirit of war and conquest, the more warlike our professions, the more consistent we are. Dr. Franklin, I remember was very sorry that we should have an eagle for our emblem, which, he said, is a bird of great insolence, from which it assumes itself only to prey on some smaller and weaker creature. - We have a very favorable wind this morning and the air is very pleasant! The engine

192
Friedrich

was stopped a few moments by the bad working of a screw. At 12 M. we are in $48^{\circ} 48' N$ Lat. - 28°
 12 m W. Long. - and have made 192 miles. A German
 on board has been singing most capitally a beautiful air
 adapted to a drinking song, and Professor Strack has
 copied the words and tune which I have obtained of him.

Rheinwein - Lecker - Lied.



The Rhine-wine Drinkers Song.

"Im tiefen Keller, sitz' ich hier
 Auf einem Fass voll Reben -
 Bin frohen Muth's und lasse mir
 Vom allerbesten geben -
 Der Küper zieht den Heber voll
 Gehorsam meinem Winke
 Reicht er das Glas, ich halt's empor -
 Und trinke, trinke, trinke -"

2. "Mich quält ein Demon Durst genant
 Und um ihn zu verschrecken
 Nim ich mein Deckelglas zur Hand
 Und lass mir Rheinwein reichen -
 Die ganze Welt erscheint mir nun
 In rosenfarbner Schminke -
 Ich könnte Niemand Leides thun
 Ich trinke - trinke - trinke."

3. "Allein mein Durst vermehrt sich nur
 Mit jedem vollem Becher
 Das ist die leidige Natur
 Der achten Rheinwein - Lecker
 Ich tröste mich, wenn ich zuletzt
 Vom Fass zu Boden sinke.
 Ich habe keine Pflicht verletzt -
 Ich trinke - trinke - trinke."

On a ~~basin~~ ^{peg} full of good old wine
 In a cellar deep I'm sitting,
 My mind is joyful, and the world
 May wag as it will (sitting);
 The butler draws from the well-filled bin.
 While I to him am wishing,
 He gives the glass, I raise it up
 I'm drinking, drinking, drinking.

2
 Now I trust the fiend torment me sore,
 I know what always frightens;
 I boldly take my glass in hand
 In which the Rhine-wine brightens.
 The whole broad world appears to me
 In rose light a blushing;
 I'll have no trouble with it more,
 I'm drinking, drinking, drinking.

3.
 I'm arie, arie every hour,
 Each draught my ~~cap~~ ^{thirst} increases,
 'Tis bad - 'tis very bad indeed,
 But still the habit pleases.
 I fall into sweet sleep at last
 When from the cask to Earth I'm sinking
 No duty do I violate, -
 I'm drinking, drinking, drinking.

I begin to think that those who have the charge of our food should be rebuked. There is no attempt at variety at all, and the food is becoming disgusting from its constant repetition. Besides we are now deprived of our ice-water, a luxury to us, as we have to partake of condensed water made by the steam pipe. There seems to be ice enough of the engineers, hands, officers, and after cabin passengers have an abundance of it. Saw a vessel toward night - Porpoise. Played checkers with a French gentleman who invariably said, as toward the close of a game, one of us, (no matter which) had three and the other four, or one four and the other five: "See no use! See Americans play checkers as dey fight battles - Dey move and hide and watch seven days, seven weeks seven years. Dey will not stame, dey will not die. I cannot stand it. I would rather give up dan fight so. If I cannot beat when I attack, I cannot heat. I will fight like Napoleon, but you fight like Washington". Another day, and tomorrow will be eleven. We shall make land in three days - perhaps.

July 31 A fair wind, and calm sea. Went on deck last evening after bed time at the request of a fellow passenger to look at the sea. The sight was magnificent. The sea seemed as black as ink, on which in every direction, and of every size fiery serpents, like rockets were darting, twisting and winding, while our wheels seemed to roll in a world of fiery foam, crushing and tormenting them. What can be the cause of such wonderful phenomena? - At 12 m we are in Lat. $49^{\circ}13'$ m and W. Long. $23^{\circ}3'$ m and have made 207 miles. - Forgot to mention some points of our route after leaving New York. I will now supply the omission. On leaving the bay

we pass by the south shore of Long Island, along the edge of Van
 Hook and George's Shoals, over the Newfoundland Banks, and now E of N.
 I have just made a discovery. O misery! We have lots of
 polyped creatures on board! Passengers who pay no fare,
 and not only that kind which steamboat passengers
 so frequently feel ~~like~~ so

"Still so gently see them stalling,"
 and which the poet designated when he sung
 "Oft in the still night,

One slumber's chain hath bound me

I've felt the bloody bite of bedbugs all around me!"
 but those other awful, thrice awful monsters whom
 Scott's band apostrophised when he said:

"Hail! when ye gaze, ye crawling vermin!"

My sleeping ability prevented me from knowing the
 facts before, but aided by a passenger I must confess that this
 "It is true 'tis pity, - pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

August 1. Boat evening at bed time on engine, for the third
 time suddenly stopped. Some part of the machinery had
 broken, and we were forced to lie still for repairs three
 hours, as there was no wind. We are told that it
 is a very common occurrence, as the boat is by no means
 in a proper condition. Had we been on a lee shore we
 must have gone to pieces. - As I think of our average
 speed since leaving New York, I think more and
 more that this ship is clumsy and unadapted to
 place, and should be called the Washington. We
 have not gone ^{only} nine miles an hour, or less than
 far. - Our captain pays but very little regard to

2641 m

the condition of the passengers in the second cabin. I have not seen him go forward more than twice in the whole passage, nor has he to my knowledge exchanged a single word with one of them. He might please them, and make the passage much better, if he was less exclusive, and more of a gentleman. The sea is perfectly still this morning, and the air pleasant. At 12 m we are in N. Lat 49° 37' m and

207 m

W. Long. 17° 49' m and have sailed 207 miles. — While we were lying still last night, several large sharks were playing around us. Those greedy attorneys of the sea with all natural instinct, supposed that a supper was at hand for them when our paddles stopped. They were not suff. fish-ently sharp for us! Thomas Crawford the sculptor, and author of "Omphale" is on board. I am reminded of a wicked but witty form of the Greek fable. When Omphale descends to Hades, he enquires, gazing into the awful gloom: "Where, in hell, is Euboea?" x x x x x Our French passenger was speaking to day of the inflexibility of the English language, and I ventured to declare to him that a specimen of could be produced, of the same word used more times in a given number of words than anything in the French. He called for the specimen, and drawing on old Dr. Parr, I quoted the following:

A twister when twisting would twist him a twist,
When twisting a twist he three times doth entwine,
~~But if~~ When one of the twists of the twist doth untwist,
The twist that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

The specimen he produced had not the same word, but only the same sound: "Cambien ces six saucisses là, six sous ces six saucisses là; ci sont ci! six sous ça! six

sous ces six saucisses la!" Translation. "How much for those six sausages? six sous for those six sausages? six sous this! six sous that! six sous for those six sausages!" — Our sailors had an extra allowance of grog last night for their labor in repairing damages, and the third mate is to day very drunk. — Saw the largest company of porpoises. There must have been several hundreds — the sea was alive with them. Saw a fine whale fifty or sixty feet long. — Also towards night a French vessel about two miles north east. There never was a more beautiful day. — The captain will allow no delicacies to be furnished to those in the second cabin, except liquor. Ice cream &c cannot be purchased by them at any price. — Such a magnificent sunset! In the midst of masses piled of sunset gold "Cloud upon cloud, a glorious sight", appeared hills and vales pastoral and upland reminding us, as how forcibly of the land we have left in the West. So to our present view appeared the golden land of Youth, as we look back to the past.

Aug. 2 Another beautiful day, after a lovely night. The moon was so bright I could not go to bed, and I remained up till One o'clock. We had a conversation in the evening on the beauties of the Women of America, and I was delighted that several Germans who had long resided in America acknowledged them superior to those of any other land. ^(that begotten) My pleasure found vent in the following lines affectionately dedicated to one fair among the fairest, and best among the good: whose beauties have bloomed brighter during the nine happy years I have known and loved her. — would they were worthy the subject!

The Girl of Kennebec.

I've seen the maids of every land,
 Their beauty's known to me:
 A radiant, blooming, heavenly band
 As ~~not~~ ^{mortal} ~~to~~ ^{ever} ~~man~~ may see.
 They're glorious as the angels are,
 All charms their forms bedeck,
 But none among them can compare
 With the Girl of Kennebec.

The Indian maid has beauty wild;—
 The English girl is fair;—
 The Italian is strange Passion's child,—
 The German debonaire;—
 Spain's dark-browed daughter is proud and tall
 Girl of the greenly neck!
 But one sweet maid spells them all—
 The Girl of Kennebec.

Her hair is black as midnight's wing;
 Her eyes like the Evening star;
 Her bosom like roses blossoming
 Her lips the portals are
 To the sacred temple of her heart
 Where's beauty without check,—
 Oh, she is high beyond all art—
 The Girl of Kennebec.

I turn away from stranger lands
 To my home—the land of the brave
 Where Freedom on her mountain stands
 Beyond the Atlantic wave;
 Her glories to my heart I bind

Yet of them do not seek —
 I think of her I left behind —
 The Girl of Kennebec!

At 12 o'clock we are in N. Lat $49^{\circ} 17'$ m and W. Long $12^{\circ} 01'$ m and have made 228 miles. We are now 220 miles from Scilly Isle.

Aug 3 Many sails in sight as we approach the English channel. Expect every hour to see Scilly Isle or Land's End. Sailors, passengers and all wear a new face, and prove that even those who follow the sea do so from necessity, and are glad enough to reach land. The third mate wants me to write some love lines and a letter for him to send to a girl he loves. He seems to have a sound heart under his sailor's jacket. He told his story with a great deal of maturity. He said he loved a beautiful girl down on the Cape, but he went off to sea, and was gone eighteen months without writing to her, and when he returned she was married! He said she excused ^{for her desertion} herself by saying she always loved him, that they were school-mates together, that they always had a natural affection for each other, and so she thought she would marry him. — Another instance I am afraid, of naughty coquetry, this is another instance. But sailor-like, he excuses the girl, loves her, but does not blame her that she married one for whom she had "a natural affection". . . . We are using our ob-factory nerves with all our might in trying to detect "English air" in the salt vads that come from the sea, but in vain. At 12 m we are in N. Lat.

225 m 225 miles. Scilly lies 12 miles S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N from us, in full view. We made the first land at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock this forenoon. We first saw a white speck which we supposed to be a sail. Directly we saw an appearance like a bank of fog about a hand's breadth, immediately under it. Gradually, full and fair to the view Scilly lies emerged, and at 10 o'clock, we saw the long low shores of ^{Sandwich Point} ~~Sandwich~~ ~~Island~~. The first view of Omgan's "last anchored the!" Scilly is inhabited by fishes, wrecks, and sea-faring men, and looks cold and inhospitable. I don't know whence the name came, unless it is because a man is silly to live in such a cheerless place if he can live any where else. — The offing is now full of vessels, and the bold rocky shores of the dangerous coast of Cornwall are in full view. The sail is now charmingly picturesque. At 10 o'clock we passed in sight of that magnificent work of art and usefulness, Eddystone Lighthouse, at the entrance to Plymouth harbor. — It is now 12 o'clock, and our German passengers have just retired from a "glorification." Bandy punch was very productive of songs, and the night has been vocal. They insisted that I should join them, and I drank my glass of prose lemonade in their company. I dined a number of the passengers ^{in the officers' mess room} among whom I am sorry to see Mr. Cranford base drinking liquor, making foolish speeches, and exhibiting the dwellings that the insane habit of liquor drinking produces. The boat is certainly unworthy the patronage of the public, when the Captain allows his passengers to carouse at such unseasonable hours

with open doors and without restraint, to the disturbance and disgust of the rest of the passengers.

Aug 4. After retiring at 12 last evening I was awakened by a confused uproar, and on getting up I found a parcel of drunken carousers in possession of the cabin, and holding a bacchanal. ^{Two Mrs. Lawrence of Boston were among them.} They were not dispersed till 2 o'clock. On the clearing away of the fog we had a fine view of the coast of ^{left} and Hampshire on our ^{right}, and the splendid Isle of Wight on the sight. We saw villages and landscapes of surpassing loveliness, the principal objects in the foreground being Erse cattle and several fine churches, while the dense Forest filled up the back ground. ^{Erse Castle was the place from which King Charles was taken by the well known} But the island was the first view I ever saw. Several high sharp rocks called the "Needles" stand at the head of the Island, while the Isle itself rises, as smooth ledge to a great height in the air, and a pretty lighthouse adorns the top. The soil is very thin but beautifully green, and in the hollows adorned with clumps of luxuriant and picturesque foliage. As we approached Cowes, the scene increased in loveliness, until when we were exactly opposite, at anchor, I felt that I was gazing on the most charming landscape I ever saw. There were houses of all architectural styles, many partially or entirely covered with that rare old plant the "ivy green", and surrounded with trees disposed of and arranged with most wonderful effect. An occasional spire peeped from the densest foliage, partial and entire views of beautiful cottages and large, wealthy mansions, the fields and grounds intersected with such hedgerows as I never have seen, with yachts and pleasure-yachts gliding in the sunny water, and (as it was Sunday) the long processions winding their way to church,

all combined to make the view as more picturesque than any single prospect that ever met my view. At 11 o'clock we dropped anchor, and a fine little steamer came alongside and received our England bound passengers. The passage of the English Channel is evidently ~~very~~ dangerous. White cliffs, steep bold, are seen in all directions, and the seamen on either side admonish us that without the Pilot at the helm, we should be wrecked beyond all help. At 12 m we are in N. Lat. " m W. Long. " m and have

232 m made 232 miles. Soon after leaving Dover we pass a splendid old ^{Norman} castle belonging to a wealthy gentleman, ^{named Bell.} It is surrounded by a grand park and costly sea wall, and immediately after Osborn house emerges, the present residence of the Queen. We are within half a mile, and at one of the open windows I see a white speck. Is it the Queen. It cannot be, for she does not wave her handkerchief. And yet, perhaps she does not know I am here. Then comes Ryde, a fine town, about fifty years old. Then Kettlebar. Opposite is Portsmouth, with its shipping, and in plain view I see the Victory, Lord Nelson's flag ship. A Steamboat race. One of the Queen's yachts, the crew in the royal livery. The steamer literally packed with artisans. It was a Sunday excursion to the Isle of Wight. The Queen's castle, grounds, &c are never situated in any town. They are always by themselves. Osborn House is on the Isle of Wight and not in Ryde or Dover. — As we left the Island it gradually dropped down below the horizon, and the bold shores of England, chalk-white, were constantly rising on our left. Near Beachy Head the place where William the Norman Conquer-

or landed was pointed out to us. Just after dark we were
 against Brighton the fine watering place, and distinctly
 saw the long row of lights on the famous ^{suspension} chain ~~bridge~~ ^{bridge}.
 Hastings also ^{seen}. At the same time appeared the light off Cape Beachy —
 Dover and on the coast of France. Saw the lights of
 Dover & Calais, and passed them at 10 o'clock. Chan-
 nel full of vessels, and the alarm bell rung fre-
 quently. Dangerous passage. Entered the edge of the
 Downs at 3 o'clock. — Am the only American pas-
 senger. Beautiful — most beautiful night — Cannot
 sleep. The stars are lovely and the sea perfect-
 ly calm. Current going with us five miles, while
 we sail 10 more, making fifteen per hour.

Aug 5 This morning we are out of sight of land in the
 wild, stormy German Ocean, more generally known
 as the North Sea.
 "Path of the Dane to fame and night,
 dark-rolling waves!"
 It is now calmer than the sea has been since
 our voyage commenced. Sea polyps, fishes, insects. Water
 about one hundred feet deep. — We see by the English paper
 that there was a battle last week between the Danes
 and the people of Schleswig Holstein. God Heaven it
 may not attend and prevent our meeting. — At
 12 we have traveled 225 miles. In the night at 10, a
 tremendous thunderstorm came up. For five hours there was
 scarcely a minute when the whole sea was not lighted
 by the fiercest lightning one moment, followed the next
 by gloom so dense that it seemed palpable, while the
 wind and the thunder shook the very concave. One
 second would reveal the white waves ^{drifting by} the ship, the

many ships that may always be seen in this much traveled ocean, and the next pitchy blackness. Add to this the reflection that we were in a sea so shallow that we must constantly heave the lead, and that the low Netherlands were not far off and could not be seen till they were right under our lee, and that with Greenland but 300 miles, we had the wind full and strong from the Arctic Ocean, and it will explain why some of the passengers were a little alarmed, and indulged in gloomy forebodings. But if I know myself I was the same in mind as before. My study fire, in a stormy December night, except that the wild beauty of the scene awoke responding chords in my soul. Made tea Schelling at 11 o'clock.

Aug. 6 A bright and clear morning, no trace of the storm. Pilot up the Weser came on ^{35 miles off Wanger Bourgtower} board at 6 o'clock. We are out of sight of the low islands on the coast of Holland. A good bracing breeze. At Bremerhaven we are 265 miles from yesterday. Since we left Dover we have passed along the coast of Belgium and Netherlands, including the islands Texel, Vlieland, Tex Schelling, Ameland, Schiermonnikoog, Rottum, Boesum, Jaist, Nordsee, Baltrum, Dornes, Spikeroog, Wangeroog, and then we entered the Weser. (Should say that Mrs Fitch & Cooper, the mates of the Washington have been very kind & polite.) We passed up by several small villages, and dropped anchor at Bremerhaven, a very pretty German town. The Weser is very flat here, and uninteresting. Bremerhaven contains an excellent harbor for vessels, and is a quiet German town, with tiled houses, a quaint old church, but otherwise uninteresting. The Weser is miles wide at its mouth. We remained in the boat until the morning boat for Bremerwine house - Misconai.

Aug. 7. Found the second mate lying drunk on the floor
 before the door of my state room on getting up
 this morning at 5 o'clock. At 8, we embarked in the Paul
 Friedrich August for Bremen. Passed by Abbehausen, Braake,
 Ellfleth, Lesum; and several other pretty German towns
 and villages. The houses generally have pointed gables, are
 tiled, and are quaint & picturesque. There are some very
 old and beautiful churches. One has an arch at the corner,
 and the bell under it, say 8 feet from the ground. The
 villages are on a level with the Weser, and are diked,
 to preserve the houses. Some of the embankments are beautified
 by grassed, some adorned with trees, and some are paved.
 Saw women in ships and sailing boats, and cutting grass
 and faggots. Two vessels. Had a Prussian traveling band
 on board, which discoursed splendid music. We exchanged
 our steamer for a smaller when a portion of the
 distance to B was accomplished. She was called the Swan
 search. Trees generally quite out of taste. I rimmed to look
 34 m artificial, and not natural. — Arrived at Bremen
 we seem to sail in the middle of the street. No wharves,
 and the buildings rise out of the river on both sides.
 Bremen is a fine city. Having the general characteristics
 of a German town, it has beautiful corners, trees and
 edifices, and contains 50,000 inhabitants. It has always
 occupied a prominent place among German places,
 as it does now, but in the Eleventh century it stood
 higher than before or since. — In the Sixteenth cen-
 tury Bremen became subject to Sweden, but in 1731
 it became a free city again. Napoleon reduced it in
 1810, but in 1813 it was restored to its ancient condition.
 The people have been quite military, having taken
 an active part in the Crusades, "Hansabunde". Founded Rigsby.

The streets are very narrow, and blind. — It has several fine churches. The Dome, is a magnificent old church, commenced in 1043, and after a long time finished. A huge pile of masonry, with its May-preserving tower, it cites endings of a garden, to look upon the outside. But within it awakens the best feelings to a more active condition. Its huge arches, statues, bas-reliefs, carvings and sculpture, and painting, gathered and deposited by the prosperous burglers of the ancient city, detain the traveler in long and delightful contemplation. The great painting of Perichlan, the Day of Judgment is here. Also a copy of Raphael's *La Spasimo di Sicilia*. It was painted ^{Rome} by a young German artist, named Praese. After he had completed it, he was so mortified at his conceived failure that he threw himself into the Tiber. Under the broad pavements lie the men of other days, and singular inscriptions invite the attention of the curious. While paintings and statues, representing scriptural worthies, theologians and eminent persons adorn the walls. — Under the church is the celebrated *Oberr Keller*, which possesses the singular property of preserving animal life matter after life has departed. An aged carpenter at work on the building fell and was killed, and having been temporarily deposited in the cellar, it was found his body did not decay. It remains today, quite elastic to the touch, and resembling a mummy. There are the following bodies ~~the~~ now there. An English mayor 100 years; A student killed in a duel 170 yrs; Swedes 140 and 217 years, and several other. There are several fowls hanging in the room; their flesh is dried and preserved by the peculiar air of the place. The *Spielmann Kirche*, where the arches are deposited, built

in 1100; the St. Ansgari Kirche, built in 1230-43, with a fine spire 324 feet high, and a fine Altar piece by Fischlein, St. Stephen, the oldest in the city, & St. John, Glörke, the ~~ecclesiastical~~ church where is buried the Prince of Brunswick Conti. — The Council house is the most elaborate and finished piece of architecture in Bremen. Its statues and arcades and carvings, so elaborate as to defy enumeration, and its air of antiquity is unmistakable. — Under the hall is the great Bremen wine cellar, which with its contents is owned by the city. There are several large barrels, with heads richly carved and gorgeously gilt, each one containing 120 hhdts! — Among other brands are the "Rose" and several kinds bearing the names of the Twelve Apostles. Among the latter, the Judas Iscariot is the best. While the rose, from the vintage of 1624 surpasses all. Until lately the latter could never be purchased, — it was reserved to be given to the poor and sick, and to be used on great occasions. The prices vary from 40 groats to 250 groats per bottle. The cellar extends under the whole of the port edifice, and in some places under the street, and is entirely filled with more bottles barely so accumulated of the mould and relish which a wine-drinker loves so well. There are thousands on thousands of gallons in this great cave of Bacchus. — Near the hall stands the Great Beheading-place, or the statue of Roland, 18 feet high, erected in the fourteenth century. Soon after its completion, a traitorous Counsellor was burned to death near the spot in a copper pan. There are other ^{notable} buildings, places of amusement &c., and a library of 28,000 volumes, and other attractions. To me it has presented striking thoughts.

as the first German city. I traversed it on foot several hours. Called on the Consul and procured passport for self and Mr. S. Engaged a room at the Hotel Nord. (fare from Bremen harbor to B. 54 - gross.) The room in which we sleep (unlike an American bedroom) is fifteen feet high, - about 10 feet, walls beautifully frescoed, lace curtains, sofa, fine furniture, and bare floor. Am much troubled with the horrible German money - Am puzzled in trying to speak German, and have had some laughable incidents in connection with my ignorance.

- * (Rhein wine (in Rell.) Vast herds of cattle - The food is excellent. The Bremen Depot, is beyond any building in Boston. Large, stained glass, oak carriages, fresco, and vast size. Long as Bos. market; high (nearly) as Statehouse; superior in architecture to the Boston House. Buildings of brick, overlaid with mortar, smoothed and painted. -
- * Politeness, cordiality and kindness of people. Frequency of music. Politeness of landlord, in waiting to depot with us - fire 2 supper long. B. 124

Amey

8.

Arose at four o'clock this morning and took the cars at five for Hannover. Passed through a country flat but very beautiful. Nearly all the way was cultivated like a garden. Long narrow strips of vegetable extended on each side of the rail tracks, putting American gardening to the blush, on a naturally inferior soil. Passed the usual mass church building etc. Saw very large. Saw the first heather. The railroad is beautifully graded, most magnificent depots, and the embankments on the side trellised. Conductors etc., all in uniform, and a trumpet sounded as a signal for starting. Saw several fine "God's Acres." The cars were noisy; we were five hours in passing from Bremen to Hannover, a distance of

66 m

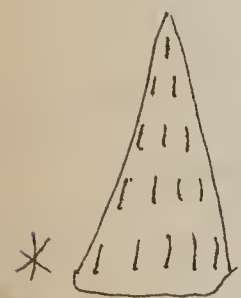
66 miles. Met several of our Washington passengers in the cars. Paid for fare in 3^d class = 1 lb. 10 gr. The Depot for sulphates that in Bremen; though in no better taste.

Hannover is the residence and principal city of the King, and contains 40,000 inhabitants. The city was originally made by fishermen and sailors, across the Drine⁺, and when they spoke of it they used the German word across, or "hinüber" - Hannover. Generally the city is beautiful, containing fine shrubbery, open to all, and old and modern buildings of great beauty. Most of the streets are very narrow, with high projecting buildings on each side, ornamented with quaint and curious figures and devices. — The Royal palace is a fine building, but the Hannover battle is vast and wonderful in its plan and extent, and a miracle of art and labor within. It contains open courts as large as a public square; corridors, halls and rooms extending thro' mazy labyrinths, and wrought with an industry that cannot be imagined or described. A vast room magnificently outwadded — most of the lofty walls of marble walls; — all of the floors inlaid with mosaic of the all colored figures — walls frescoed — vase, all paintings and modern and ancient sculpture, — carving, chairs, tables and mirrors framed of solid silver — not one article of which was unworthy the palace of an emperor, — conspired to excite an unsophisticated Republican wonder. Dreams and oriental sketches never exceeded the reality. In one portion of the castle ^{is} the Royal church, in perfect keeping with the rest. The chisel and the appraisings of artists of those who "billed better than they knew" and under whose direction

"the conscious stone to beauty grew,"

and Art and Religion labored together, have here pronounced what may be emphatically called a "petrified prayer". If Faith is better accompanied by work, then here is a fitting place to worship. Saw a silver work by Benvenuto Cellini, of the Baptism of Christ. Saw the Rings and queens of Siam, of the Siamerian line in Eng. - portraits by Lawrence, several Historical pictures of great beauty and value. The finest specimens of fancy boxes cannot equal for a given number of inches the work of those floors, covering so vast a surface - ^{bed clothing} the silver chamber, is deposited of gold and silver plate. There is a complete service for 800 persons, containing 134 doz plates; over one hundred gold butter Pans, golden spoons &c, and wine coolers, thimbles, dessert dishes, flacons, salvers, and other articles of gold, silver, and crystal. The Shield of Achilles is the finest piece of work, and most valuable single piece - worth 2000 £. There are about 1600 lbs of solid gold and silver. - The King has a fine pleasure palace in another part of the city, surrounded by most magnificent grounds. Hedges of 12 feet, magnificently trained, trees, exotic and native trees and plants, fine walks, statuary and adorning of which an American can have no idea, are here in great profusion. There is a promenade called the Allee leading to the palace. It is 6828 feet long, and has four rows of trees arranged so as to have a centre road for carriages, two on each side of it for horsemen, and two on the outside for footpassengers. It is perfectly level, and forms a perfect vista. There is a fountain springing 124 feet in the garden, and all that wealth and taste can procure are here. The Bessenhausen, contains the remains of nobility and royalty, and preserves the effigies

and other monuments of the past. It is a solemn city of the dead. — The Waterloo monument in Waterloo place called the Esplanade, is 162 feet high; by 12 feet square, and has 190 stone steps leading to the top, on which is a ^{statue} monument of Victorias. Besides the names of the Hannoverian officers who fell at Waterloo, it bears the following inscription: "From a grateful country to the victors at Waterloo". There is also a round temple, and a colossal statue of Seibitz. The military buildings, and grounds, Polytechnic School, and churches and other buildings are worthy of attention. There is a building erecting for an Opera House, which illustrates the German enthusiasm for music. It is a sublime monument. In the archive building is a library, containing 14 books in the hand writing of Seibitz, and a copy of Bresson's Officia, printed by Faust at Mentz on parchment. Most interesting is the entire city to an American. I counted five rows of windows if one gable*. The brick buildings have their frames even with the brick work, and frequently they are covered with inscriptions. The churches have inscriptions, carvings, outside and inside, and many a one might occupy the attention a year. The whole city is redolent with the odor of Antiquity. — Fell into the company of three young Hunsgering who, without a cent, and only for pleasure are started on a foot journey for Paris. — The stranger is surprised at the great number of soldiers. The city is full of them, and one can hardly turn without seeing them on or off duty, and the coat of arms of yellow and white of the House of Hannover. We obtained ready admission to the evening theatre, and were shown them (statues in Dess Schloss.)



change. Took lodgings and breakfast at the Schmeide
 Strasse. One must notice the contrast in
 manners seen here and at home. Here there are very few
 bonnets worn, except by the wealthier. Women in short pet-
 ticoats, and large legs are very plenty. They sit or stand
 at their doors, smoking or talking until late in the even-
 ing. Should have mentioned that we were dressed
 with felt before we entered the castle. What a histo-
 ry one might write. While looking at the old
 castle, house and churches of Bamberg — may
 what a wild and wonderful romance, — if he
 were gifted with clairvoyance. Herschel was born here.

Aug 9 Rose at five, but too late for the cars. Took them at
 8 for Ossamschweig. Country a continual flower garden,
 but rather more picturesque. No fences, as the land is
 mostly in the royal hands. One great nuisance I no-
 tice, — the constant smoking everywhere — and espe-
 cially in the cars. No apology, but under all cir-
 cumstances a torrent of smoke. See women at work
 continually in the field, but no men. They must
 be in the house smoking, — only Germans never change
 their occupation, for the sake of smoking. Their pipes
 grow in their mouths. Saw one run to help up
 a fallen horse, in great danger, but he did not desert
 his meerscham. Every third man has a pipe
 ranging from two to four feet, with a pouch over the
 hip for tobacco &c. — Villages full of flower & shrub
 depots covered with them — beyond nightfall I see
 saw. Saw priv- Superior to costly American model cot-
 tages. — Some seen elegant ladies enquire of gentlemen
 at the depot for the Detroit — five dimes I believe. Ratt

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an un-American. Arrived at Braunschweig, the Duke
 of Brunswick. This very beautiful ^{of 40,000 inhab.} city, was founded in
 1006, by Duke Henry the Lion, ~~on his return from Palestine.~~
 It lies on the Elbe or arms of the sea. Duke Henry
 made this his principal residence, and there are
 many of his trophies. An old pyramidal base sup-
 ports a large lion, the favorite emblem of the war-
 like duke. It stands near the Dom Kirche - The Dom
 is a grand specimen of ancient architecture. It is
 in the round-arch style, and was built on Henry's
 return from Palestine, and dedicated to St. Blasius
 in 1194, ^{2 years.} There is a copy of the golden candlestick at
 Jerusalem over the altar, which Henry caused to be made,
 and other curious Palestine relics. There is a very old
 mausoleum, containing the costly and elaborate houses of
 the noble dead. The high altar was built in 1728, and
 the picture painted by von Lütke & Starnes. The organ
 was built in 1603. The tower is 170 feet, and has in the
 centre 11 splendid bells, requiring 30 men to ring
 them. An old linden-tree near the dome, 86 feet
 high & 19 in circumference, planted by Henry. —
 The Duke's residence is a perfect specimen of the
 Doric and Ionic order, with parks and
 gardens, surpassing description. Probably the palace
 is one of the most elegant in Germany. The Aegir-
 kirche is perfectly Gothic, massive and uninspi-
 ring. — Here is the monument of Schill, shown
 by a survivor of his corps. When Napoleon ordered them
 all shot but every soul, determined by Lot, he escaped.
 The head of Schill was preserved in spirits, and is
 now buried beneath his monument. In a little chapel
 are seen Schill's hat, Napoleon's portrait, a letter of

Schilly, sword, pistol &c. — In the Dome I saw a bust
 of one of the Brunswick family. — The Depot is most
 magnificent. So are a large number of buildings
 new and old, and very many parks, gardens &c,
 of which the city is full. — Bought a carved pipe
 at the Annual Fair. — One of the finest museums
 in Europe, containing besides a thousand and
 one notable curiosities, the uniform of Frederick
 Wm., Handel's coat of arms; Giosione's Adam & Eve; A
 Madonna by Raphael; Christ with a book by Casanova;
 The Roubillat by Jan Steen; Rembrandt's Hugo Grotius
 & his family; Christ at Emmaus by Jordans & Madonna
 by Jan Baple, & others by Guido Reni, Rossi, &c. Rem-
 brandt's Holy Family — & other rare and curious objects —
 See everywhere monuments of rejoicing over Napoleon's
 defeat. Every small and lucky German or whom
 even the greatness of his worth & those, has been
 canonized by Germany, in return for being canonized
 by him. See the colors and army of Brunswick
 everywhere. — See more than ever how much
 Germany has given England in royalty. Thanks
 to the female line and Gottin a — Prince Albert. — In
 passing through we traversed Lehrs, Para Beckede — delight-
 ful little Dorsen. — There are two relics, — a "tooth of
 Goliath" (a mammoth bone,) and a "gripping claw" which
 are shown to the traveler, which some pious monks at
 Jerusalem imposed on the Frank soldier Henry at
 a great price. In the same place, (the Dome) are
 seen statue of Henry & tomb of Henry & Matilda his
 wife, daughter of Richard Coeur de Lion. He holds in
 his hand a model of the Dome; A statue of Bishop
 Hermann who consecrated the church in the 12th Century.

passion column, 12 feet high, with most of the emblems of the history of Christ; - wooden statue of Christ 800 years old; the horn and coronet of St. Blasius, 1500 years old, of ivory - formerly adorned with pearls and gems - Inscriptions, lamps, monuments &c. render this church very attractive. - In the afternoon we left for Magdeburg.

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Passed through Wolfenbützel, a place of 8500 people, formerly a ducal residence. It has a splendid library of 200,000 vols.; 10,000 mss., and 800 different bibles, one of which has notes in Luther's own handwriting, many a collection of political writings. Seifert was once librarian here, and there is an antique altar at the entrance, with Seifert's bust, and the tragic & comic muse, and an inscription calling him the friend & lover of the muses. We reached Magdeburg, the famous walled city, early in the afternoon. It now contains 52,000 people. The streets ~~are~~ are very narrow except one, passing through the city, - the breite weg. Magdeburg is a fortified city, having a wall of heavy masonry 24 paces thick around the entire city; inside is a deep moat fifty feet wide, and a wide level plat for troops; then another wall 30 paces thick. Both walls are very high, and strengthened by fort and tower. There are large arches passing entirely through both walls, and a castle in the city. Trees and groves are on the top of the walls, and the Rail-road passes between the two in one place. Before in the year 30 years war Wallenstein beleaguered the city 7 months in vain. He was forced to abandon the siege. Fully beleaguered it in 1631, and at length literally starved the people into a surrender. He found it impossible to reduce it. In this awful siege

20,000 men lost their lives and only one thousand
who fled into the Dome for safety. ^{escaped} The final incognito
commanded that no mercy should be exercised,
that all should die and his command was obeyed
and people and building were destroyed. In the year
1806 it was stormed ~~thirteen~~¹⁴ days by the French, who
after a loss of 20,000 found a passage. - It is a Gibraltar
of strength, and can be easily defended. In the cit-
adel was confined Safarytle, and a tower in the wall
^{called the Sterns} was the scene of Baron S. ~~Smith~~^{Smith} imprisonment and
labors. Basnys, Basedow & Otto von Guericke's graves are here.
In the old market is the former dwelling of Pirgo-
master Kuhlwein, ^{the traitor} who advised the capture, ^(breach) - ~~it is at~~
~~there~~ A monument of stone has this inscription "Remem-
ber the 10 of May 1631." - In the market place, before
the old Radthouse is one of the oldest monuments in
Germany, being a statue of Emp. Otto I. In the
Dome are the monuments of the Emperor & his
wife Cath. There are several splendid churches, and
many fine buildings and gardens, and other attractions.
But the finest of all is the Dome, only one tower of which
was destroyed by Tilly. This is perhaps in many respects
one of the best specimens of the architecture of the Mid-
dle Ages. It was commenced in the year 1211, and completed
in 1363, and after the sacking of the city was re-
paired by Frederic William 3, all but the southern
tower, which was left as a memorial of that aw-
ful event. The Dome has two towers 332 feet in
height, while the architecture outside and in, is
of great beauty. One hundred and twelve feet higher
than Bunkerhill monument this vast and splen-
did pile sheds religion on whoever gazes at it

or entered its walls, while the artist awakes all his antiquarian zeal. The monument and grave of Archbishop Ernest, is truly a wonderful piece of work, done in bronze by Peter Vischer, of Nuremberg. (1497.) Also the pulpit of alabaster by Sebastian Eitel. (1594.) I saw Silly's helmet, a pistol, and put my hand into his steel glove. The organ was magnificent, there is machinery, connected with the organ, by which, formerly the apostles and an angel were made to appear once each year, at the performance of mass on Maundy Thursday. From the tower the Elbe and a vast stretch of the adjacent country is also seen - indulgence more exact, a huge oak, St. John's church had. — The finest piece yet seen in which Luther preached is a fine old edifice with a tower 280 feet high. This, with other churches and buildings were destroyed in part by Silly, and have since been restored. The city was quiet, and we enjoyed it very much. On approaching Magdeburg from Pommerschen, was spoken to by a beautiful German girl, but could only answer a few broken words. Had a pleasant time, and understood more than ever. She was the best Grammar I ever studied. She pronounced beautifully. Think I could learn under her tuition. By the way, too much freedom in communications between the sexes in Germany. Commonly, taste is much offended. Saw a man and woman on the side walk tender embracing & kissing, and passengers not noticing. So bed as 11, and tried to sleep (at the Oak tree) in vain - Horrible bed bugs, "Still in memory are one stealing". Tormented me till four, when I arose. Thunder.

Aug 10. Commenced to day our journey from Magdaburg to
 70 m Wittenburg, which is altogether 70 miles. Schönbeck the 1st town
 on the route is the place of a fine chemical laboratory on
 the Elbe. Here are salt springs, where the water is conducted
 through a long gradierwerk, and 58.52 feet long, and
 then raised in a fountain by steam power. The next
 place is Quaden, where the Moravian are; their ~~village~~
 "place" is in the form of a square. The people are very in-
 dustrious, and worthy. - Witten, the railway point of con-
 vergence comes next. There is a gambling saloon con-
 nected with the depot. Here are several new churches,
 some of which are fine. A castle surrounded by a
 moat and has three towers and a small castle church
 where Catholic worship was celebrated till 1825. A fine
 library, and other buildings & attractions. Then
 comes the Wörlitz. At the latter place is a castle with a park
 attached, with this peculiarity. Though quite small,
 it is laid out with grotto temple, and shrubbery, arti-
 ficial mounds, lakes &c., that a stranger may get entirely
 bewildered in a short time. Prince Louis of Prussia
 wrote at the entrance:

"Hier wird ein Jedermann gebeten,
 Die herge ja nicht zu zertrütern,
 Auch keine Hunde lassen manne laufen
 Damit sie nicht die Leich' ausräufen,
 So indiscret wird Keiner sein,
 Und stecken einen Felsen ein."

In this garden is the floral temple, Venus, Diana, &c.,
 a road through the water the Neptune temple, &c.
 These curiosities are very complicated. - Liburg ~~see~~ Wittenburg
 died here in 1831. Next comes Dessau, with 12,000
 inhabitants, in the midst of a very fruitful

country. It has the finest God's acre in Germany. Mendelssohn was born here. Good old paintings by native masters & a good library. Rossland and Borswig are not important. Arrived after passing through a delightful country at Wittenberg, the old and walled walled city of the Elbe. It contains good people, and is fortified in a manner somewhat similar to Magdeburg. We found here the element of deep thought and profound contemplation. The very air seemed holy. Faces of other days glided solemnly before us, and we seemed gazing out upon us from the ancient buildings. We went first to the place where (31 Oct 1517) Martin Luther dared single handed & alone to face the thunder and wrath of the Scarlet Babylonian monster who fulminate vengeance on all oppressors from her seven hills. The Schloss-Kirche, on the roof of which he nailed his 95 theses is truly a solemn place. Its lofty, majestic tower and the church proper, strong as a castle salute the eye of the beholder, while within strength, seems to be the prevailing characteristic. Luther, seemed to have stamped his characteristic on the church. Here he lifted his voice in behalf of the reformation, put his manly breast before the waves of sin and error, and bared his strong right arm for that great conflict whose strange, wondrous lasting results are not yet to be estimated. Here too, we mused above his grave, and hoped that our own sphere we might see true as was he, to the duty laid on us. The grave of the gentle spirited Melancthon, who labored side by side with Luther in life, in death appropriate.

made
 sleep side by side with him. Frederick the Wise
 is also buried here. The pavement rests upon their
 graves. The church contains several valuable works
 of Peter Vischer; and portraits of Luther & Melancthon
 by Lucas Cranach, who was burgomaster of W. We
 then went to the Augustine cloister, where Luther
 was Catholic monk, now a Protestant seminary. The
 university is now removed to Halle. We saw here a
 dish, armchair, and can belonging to Luther, and
 a glass mug which Peter the great tried in
 vain to purchase. He then asked to drink from
 it, and on drinking he dashed it to earth say-
 ing, no man should use it after him. Peter
 has written his name over a door, with chalk,
 and it is enclosed in a glass case — I sat
 down in Luther's old chair, and could almost
 fancy the body reformer and his good wife
 sitting solemnly about the room. There was his
 table, from which he ate and drank, (from
 which with my mark I tore a fibre) and some
 singing books, (the tunes and words of which were
 his own composition,) from which I shook sev-
 eral small pieces. — We saw Luther's library, wrought
 by his own wife. An emblematic monument, wrought
 by Luther's direction &c. — I brought a large piece of
 mortar away, which had fallen from the ceiling.
 We then saw Luther's monument in the mart.
 It is well wrought in bronze, and has this in-
 scription:
 "Ich Götter hebe, so wird's bekennen,
 Ich Menschenknecht wird's untergehen."
 Thence we went to that immortal record of

earth, where rising into a courage higher than that of Waterloo, Prussia Hill or Marston, he took the Pope's bull and burned it outside of the walls of Wittenberg - Brought away several sprigs of plants. There seemed more antiquity, and the manners and the customs of the people seemed more unique than in any place we have yet seen. Wide gipsy hats, short dresses singular head gear &c. of food as much matter of interest. We tarried at the Goldenturm, an excellent house, where for dinner & lodging we paid 1 P. th each. Full of soldiers. Brought a whip for Willie. Saw the palisades put up in 1813 to help keep Napoleon out. Thureyunde I - also ^{has} here a monument.

Aug 11 Rose at 1 and took the cars for Halle. Had to advance and give the word "Gate opened" to the sentinels as we passed out of the city gates. As we passed solemnly along the dark streets, looking up to the old gables and framing towers, and heard the regular tramp of the soldier's sentinel, we seemed to be transported back to the time when America was a silent solitude, wherein God's name was unknown. Took the cars for Halle, at which place we arrived at breakfast, and put up at the Stadt Zürich. This fine old university-city has 30,000 people. The building and particularly good. - Went to the ruin of Battle Giebichenstein, situated on a rock one hundred feet above the Saale, commanding delightful view of the adjacent country. The night down the ~~smooth~~ steep descent was fearful. - and yet from this awful height, Ludwig the Springer jumped into the river; and thus escaped harm.

the imprisonment. It was formerly the residence of the Archbishop of Magdeburg. Reuchardt the composer lived here many years. The Waisenhaus, an institution for orphan children, founded by August Hermann Francke in 1698, is the noblest monument in Halle. This good man commenced taking care of and educating children by taking 2 or 3 and placing a boy outside soliciting aid. This institution now contains 3000 children. Wealthy people employ to great advantage for which they must pay sumptuously, while poor orphans are freely fed, clothed and educated. In addition to Francke's labors subsequent endowments have established the institution on an immovable basis. The buildings are in a

formed in hollow oblong square, enclosing a court ^{about} 800 feet long by 100 wide. The buildings themselves being 2 1/2-6 store in height. These boys and girls are educated in every respect. All manner of schools, gymnasium, printing establishments, places for labor instruction and amusement, ^{there are dormitories} ~~are~~ calculated to develop a perfect state. The vast number of children are here placed. The library has 20,000 vols. — There is ^{an} a fine bronze statue representing Francke ~~standing~~ standing between two boys, one of whom holds a bible, and the other presses his palms together. The inscription reads
 Aug. — on one side

August Hermann
 Francke
 Er Vertraute Gott,
 revere

Dem spendenden
 Dieser anstalten

Die Landbase nachwelt.

MDCCCLXXIX.

Thousands of bibles are printed & bound, and the institution is believed to be the best in the world. ^{have printed 2000000 bibles} — Saw a German lady at Greibichenstein who spoke English. Had a pleasant time — The red tower is a tall edifice 268 feet high — a mass bellry — utterly useless — in strong contrast with the Waisenhaus. A fine museum. The University library, buildings, Botanic garden &c. Salt works, wrought by "Hallbrun", an unknown Celtic race. ^{several} many fine new buildings. Handel was born here (1685.) and the Porzellan August. Hermann Kie-
 *merer. There are several fine gardens — a beautiful chand-
 see, fine streets & bridges &c. Went to the Catholic church to hear Mass, — poorly — poorly — did not stay to hear. Then went to hear Schubach. But Kiehneger preached. Saw Schub-
 ach. Kiehneger has a good voice, and speaks with ease and dignity. Schubach is a middle-sized man, 59 years old, speaks slowly, distinctly, entirely without gesticulation or emphasis, except once in a while a sentence flashes out like lightning, with a sort of jump, when he immediately resumes again. He is at the head of the whole misery party. Met one of his students who said that his heart was constantly yearning for what his head would not sanction, while his head was working out what his heart would not endorse and that thus his life was a constant oscillation. A friend said that his name was by no means celebrated in Germany, and was surprised that he was much distinguished in America. Said he was a learned man believing in some

few silly ideas of deists &c, not much entertained in
 Germany. Ulrich, the Freethinker, a man of very
 great ability, residing in Magdeburg, preached in
 Halle, too late for me to be able to go. He is regar-
 ded as a man of vast learning and ability. He is
 a Universalist, but a freethinker. He adopts the transcend-
 ental ground, and brings the Bible, and all other
 books to the bar of his own conviction. He is
 essentially critical and analytical. ~~Prof~~ Ulrich, select-
 ed for his text a passage from the life of Huss. He
 said he had looked through the Bible to find
 language to express the idea of his theme, in vain.
 He had found it in the life of Huss. Huss had
 said he would recall nothing he had ever
 preached. He said there was now great necessity
 to recall, especially the old dogmas and the-
 ology of the church. He therefore manufactured the
 following language as his text - "We will recall."
 He ~~also~~ repelled many portions of the old church.
 His sermon was critical and strong. Our strict friend
 spoke of Schliermacher as being of the school of
 freethinkers, but spoke most highly of Prof
 Halle, a man who could preach fine ser-
 mons daily without notes, who never repeats himself,
 who speaks warmly from the heart, and who is
 probably the most popular preacher in Germany.
 Ulrich is losing ground. Strong, he said, was orig-
 inal and sharp - working without tools, and care-
 less of results - found people at church not very
 polite. Went to Catholic ch. and stood up until
 got tired, and went to St. Luke's Donkirche. Stood
 there at the door a half hour in full sight of

section & congregation till I went away weary. — On re-
turning to town in a fine hotel, the Stadt Zurich,
we found the hotel and a gentleman, at the open
window, in full sight of the crowd in the street
playing cards — a sight as common in Germany
on Sunday, as reading! — Saw two men go by,
bearing a coffin of a little child on their shoulders
of a little child. The coffin was painted a pure white
and gilded, and entirely covered with beautiful flow-
ers and bouquets. ~~The custom in Germany is~~
not follow the body. ~~German funeral~~ At 12 o'clock there
was a general muster and review of the troops
in the square. A Prussian band of 30 played
music too noble to be desecrated by purposes so
diabolical as those of war. — There was a concert
of military music in the afternoon. — Saw lots of
the students with their little embroidered or plain
caps and ribbon across the breast. — Took the cars in
the evening for Leipzig a distance of 36 miles. Had
a little time to see this large and beautiful
city. Looked round at the Bohne house, a hotel
of the most splendid character.

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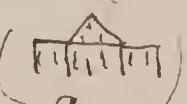
Aug 12 ^{Schwarze-Sip, Sip (Linden) 1409 called Sipok. Library 60,000 vols.}
^{University founded in 1409.} Leipzig, has 50,000 inhabitants, and is the
most splendid city we have yet seen. The
buildings are lofty, streets wide and fine, stores
filled with valuable goods, wealth and beauty
everywhere. Saw one house with four rows of
dormer windows on the side of the roof.
A splendid square, and a noble promenade
with magnificent English park scenery run-
ning entirely around the city. There are two

4366 m ⁵⁶ July here 20 September, Sep 7 1831 - Cult. Gr. Curious Adv. Inst.
July 1800 - 1812. 8000. 3000 m.

cities, the Altstadt & the city proper. There are here 3
masses performed each year - the Jubilate, Michael Mass,
& New year mass. Each 3 weeks long. Here too is the
largest book establishment in the world - & the
famous Deutschen Buchhändler-Börse in the Ritter-
straße, - the place where at Jubilate mass, the book
merchants must do congregate. There are fine
churches, paintings, organs. At Michaelis Ryde. at 10 o'clock
Sunday after Monday, the children of St. Thomas school
celebrate sing. - We saw St. Ophie church, around
which now run broad highways, where
once was a large graveyard. There are many
tablets on St. and a beautiful cemetery
behind St. We saw these, and in the park
the graves and monuments of Gellert, Rosenmü-
ller, Ischioner, Müller, Stiller, King. Frederick Aug-
ustus - and one to Seb. Bach, given by Mendelssohn
Bartholdy. - We rode in a droshky all over
the far famed battleground where with 40,000 men
Napoleon fought the allies (routed with 4 times
the number, and was forced to fly before the
onset head of the army of Austria, Rus-
sia and Prussia. We stood on the Napoleon-
stein where formerly stood a windmill, ^{in which Nap. viewed the battle}. We
probed the very soil where the mighty man
of war trod, and looked over the vast
campaign where he fought. Saw the place where
the three emperors were secreted during the battle.
Nap. saw them from a tree, and sent a de-
tachment to capture them. They took the alarm
and sought another place. Saw the house in
which he ate his last meal in the night

of the 19 Oct. The place where Prince Joseph
 Poniatowski fell, and the Polish army ^{in the} ~~the~~ ^{Easter} ~~down~~ ^{down}.
 (memorial.) The wine cellar famous in Goethe's Faust.
 seen by the field of battle where Gustavus Adol-
 phus defeated Lully. Sept. 17, 1631, and also the
 place where the three monarchs saw the fight
 with Napoleon. The old councilhouse &c. - Saw Gellert's
 monument ^{(on Schreckenberg, in the park) where some were suffering from April 24, 1813} with the following inscription: Memorial
 to G. F. Gellert, Sacrom. The monument was a square
 base, on which rested an urn. One little boy was
 placing a wreath on the poet's head, while
 two were represented as asleep on the urn.
 Passed through the parks, again and again through
 the large and beautiful streets, and viewed the
 city in various ways. — Entered the Kunst (Exhibi-
 tion of Paintings) and saw some quite nice not
 great ^{German} ~~German~~ ^{works}. Entered the Andbacher Keller, or wine
 cellar famous in Goethe's Faust, and saw the
 places immortalised by the poet. Grimmerische
 street no. 1. University buildings &c. Beautiful children - Ele-
 gant speech of men and women. Never heard
 such German. Leipzig is surrounded by many
 beautiful villages (Dörfer) which were on fire at
 the great battle, and which suffered in the
 awful three days. One of them (Gohlis) was where
 Schiller lived quite a length of time. — When
 Napoleon was sitting before retreating, the bullets were
 too many, & the whistled through the room
 and across the table, and the party ad-
 journed to another room. The field I
 must remarkably adapted to the dreadful
 purposes to which it was devoted by Napoleon.

Aug 13 Rose and took first train for Weimar. We followed
 the back to Saale, and then were on a new road.
 We first saw Merseburg, an old town on the Saale
 containing 10,000 people. Perhaps no town of its size
 36 miles in Europe has been the scene of more battle. In
 933 Henry I conquered the Huns. In 1080 Henry IV was
 defeated by Rudolph, and here and the next town was
 where Gustavus Adolphus fought & fell in 1632, and
 where Frederick the great defeated the French Nov. 5,
 1757, and May 2, 1813, where the first great battle
 was fought between the French and the Al-
 lied powers, and also the battle field of Rossbach.
 At Merseburg is a fine church with four elegant
 towers, and one of the largest organs in Germany.
 There are also an altar piece by Bannach, a
 hand of Rudolph the Swabian, which he lost in
 battle etc. We passed so near Sutzen, that we
 had a perfect view of the vast field where
 so many battles were fought. At Weissenfels, the
 next town, we saw the Abbot's house, where
 Gustavus Adolphus was embalmed after the bat-
 tle at Sutzen, and the Chorister church where
 his entrails were interred when his heart was
 sent to Stockholm. It was here that Kovaly (Har-
 denberg, 1801) and Muller (1827) lived and died. At
Kaumburg, (12000) there is an excellent specimen
 of architecture in the Dome, where also is a paint-
 ing by Bannach, the subterranean crypt. Castle Ka-
 mburg has immortalized it by writing a drama -
 "The Hussiten vor Kaumburg". At the time it was
 beleaguered, the besieged were persuaded by
 the children to death. The anniversary of that

day (July 28) is celebrated each year by a feast of the
 school children. The following day the people
 have a great feast called the People's Feast. —
 We then arrived at the loveliest of places — the city
 of Weimar. We passed through some very wild scen-
 ery, consisting mainly of steep barren rocks, and
 hills almost perpendicular, on one of which, com-
 manding a fine view, and occupying a very
 strong position, ~~was~~ the ruin of an old castle.
 Weimar has some lovely scenery on several sides
 of it, and in its center. Parks, laid out in the
 English manner, with water, fountains, mossy ditches,
 arches, &c. Here resides the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. The
 town is situated in a delightful valley on the Ilm,
 and contains 13,000 people. The ground has been ren-
 dered classic by the residence of Goethe, Schiller, Wie-
 land and Herder. As we strayed through the streets,
 and along the wood paths, we could not but be
 impressed by the reflection that we walked the
 very places trod by those wonderful men of ge-
 nius. We visited the houses of Goethe and Schiller,
 the first a plain, rather modern building, and
 the second an ancient  edifice, — and saw
 the castle tower where ^{Goethe} they, and Herder and Wie-
 land dwelt, and created their works. We stood
 in the houses of the two former. — There is to be a
 grand celebration the 27 inst. when a monument
 is to be erected to Herder. Saw the fine library here
 of 130,000 volumes. Here are books and manuscripts
 in almost every tongue, and bust and paint-
 ings and curiosities of all sorts. Etruscan vases from
 Herculaneum; Luther's clock — Goethe's dressing gown;

a self-supporting staircase, spinning wheels & four-armed angular out of a piece of ebony as big as a mince pie &c. The churches are fine specimens of architecture, and the castle & grounds are arranged with delightful taste. The best collection of copperplate engravings in Germany. Wieland's grave is at Osmenstead, a short distance off. Could not help noticing the tendency of German women to drink. Again and again have I seen women take out of a bag a tumbler and bottle, and pouring out wine, drink. To the end of a journey. In fact, in public and in private, under all circumstances and at all places, German women are beer and wine quaffers, and German men are beer and wine quaffers and tobacco smokers, chug and snuff takers beyond all other men. There are great contradictions in the German character. While they are noted for politeness, and while they never meet nor part even with strangers without saluting each other they will make bacon of man or woman by smoking, and ask no pardon; they have taken up my manuscript without leave have looked over my shoulder when writing, and have broken in upon my conversation as I never knew an American to do. And the manner in which women are made to toil is a dishonor to any people. I have ridden hours in the cars without seeing a man except a conductor, a guard, a ~~livery~~ soldier, or a passenger waiting and

smoking, while the fields were full of women mow-
 ing, reaping, digging, carrying loads on their
 backs in huge, three bushel baskets that would
 be too much for a man. I have seen a soldier walk-
 ing, and smoking of course, with his army fold-
 ed, accompanied by a woman, who was carry-
 ing his heavy trunk! The North American In-
 dians do not treat their squaws worse than
 do the Germans their women. Besides this — the
 language abounds in words that would not
 be tolerated in decent society, and these are frequent
 by hand, and I have seen a man grossly in-
 decent in a car, while the other passengers were
 all indifferent, and that too, when but two-
 females were present, alone and unprotected. —
 Very singular head-dresses. — Thin cloaks and capes —
 Draps of a jubbiliat — open & close hand by the fore-
 head — Scythe & scabbard — teams of goats, asses, dogs,
 women, one man & woman harnessed in. —
 When men meet or part they frequently kiss
 each other — No one enters or leaves a room, or
 asks a question of a stranger, without lifting his
 hat — The bricks are mostly made of a black
 mud. — One Schiller's door — "Hier Schiller wohnte."
 Nothing over Goethe's, but the memory of his mighty
 name. — No reference to Napoleon in the pub-
 lic monuments. We took dinner at the Elephant,
 and remained nearly all day, but left towards
 20 m. night for Exult. Arrived at nearly dusk,
 and by some mischance lost my compari-
 son, and was forced to shift for myself.
 At length found a good hotel, the Schiller-

hepudon - and succeeded in making myself understood by the landlord. Wandered about this curious old city until a late hour in the evening. At bedtime was shown up to my room, leading out of a corridor which looked down into a vast hall, dim, shadowy, lovely enough - looking for all the world like the scenery in Macbeth where MacDuff gives the alarm of murder. Slept sweetly and in the morning found my friend. (American introduced me to Logis)

Aug 14 Erfurt is truly a fine old city, having the best collection of churches we have yet seen. There are 28,000 people, & 2800 houses. Fine gardens and parks, and trees. Much water running through the city, and houses with flower gardens running to the water's edge. We first went to the Catholic Dome Church. Here is a quaint, venerable gem, commenced in the 8th century, and of course purely gothic, and one of the oldest churches in Germany. The chancel, altar and other specimens of sculpture are truly miraculous. While the paintings and above all the architecture render the Erfurt Dom Kirche the prettiest of all attracting. No man should fail to see it. It has ten fine bells, two of which are silver, while the other, known as *Polona* is one of the largest in the world. It was made in 1497 by Eckhard Kemper, and is six inches thick, ten feet high and thirty feet in circumference. The clapper is 6 1/2 feet long, and weighs 1200 lbs. When it is rung, which is very seldom, 18 men are required.

30 men can stand in it upright. The paintings & internal structure of this church are perfectly religious, and very grand. Our guide was a German girl, possessing much narrative, and we delighted her much by giving her the English for Trinity, and pretty girl. — (Bells of Basel now ringing. — Splendid.) The other churches are worthy of attention. We entered one 330 feet long, 100 feet wide and 100 high, having 37 windows, 55 lights of glass by 9. The Ursuline cloister is worthy of note. Also a library of 60,000 vols. We visited the Waisenhaus, or school for boys, where we saw five copies of the being dance of death, applied to the institution. Here it was that Martin Luther lived a Catholic monk from 1505-8. We entered his cell — saw his traveling desk, his hand writing, the first complete bible ever printed in the German language &c. — The cell is admirably preserved and inspires the beholder with loftiest emotion. A little out of the city we saw Petersburg, the citadelle, one of the strongest castles in Germany. The city has 6 gates, 5 great public places, 201 streets &c. — a stone bridge of much beauty — indeed, the bridges are all very strong and very beautiful, — and 19 churches & chapels, of rare beauty. It contains the graves of Gleighen, Count, the ruins of three of whose castles, near Erfurt, we saw, in a very romantic situation, on three neighboring hills. The scenery of Erfurt, & neighborhood, (Thuringia Waldeberge) is very pretty. The Wartburg are visible from portions of the town. — In the evening we went to hear a German drama performed at

the Sindi garden, — paid 14 cents and saw
dances, athletic exercises, a play &c. — It was at Co-
furt that Luther obtained his name from the
Pope — The Monk of Erfurt.

Aug 15 Took an early start this morning for Ei-
senach the scene of Luther's greatest and best work.
Arrived first at Gotha, the birth place of Prince
Albert of England(?) Here is old castle Grummen-
stein or Friedenstein, occupying — perfectly im-
pregnable position, on a sharp mountain 1100
feet high, commanding the river. The view
is said to be magnificent. Here are a fine li-
brary, Chinese cabinets, antiquities, copperplate engra-
ving, orange garden &c. The cloister church has
an altar piece by Jacobs. Besides the castle of —
the ~~canon~~ ^{three} Gleichen there are many fine mount-
ains Seeberg 1100 ft. distance; — great Saalberg 1200 feet high; —
Uebberg 2200 feet and Inselberg 2856 feet high. As
you travel, the scenery grows constantly more
bold and grand, and old Romance
casts her dim shadowy veil over Nature's work,
rendering them sublime with recollection of
the Past. — The scenery itself, is about like
the Berkshire hills in Massachusetts, — not in
reality superior. But the ruin of an ancient
castle are occasionally seen — quaint buildings ven-
erable with antiquity — and spot vocal with Pro-
my. hallowed by the touch of genius, exalts na-
ture. Nature is never greater than alone. ~~But~~
The sea is sublime, but its beauty is increased
by a ship, an island, or the distant shore; —

a forest is most beautiful when a spiral smoke ascends above the tree tops - an island presents its prettiest aspect when a hut is seen on the beach, or a boat is moored to a rock or tree, - and mountains, be they never so grand and imposing, - must have castles, or shepherds, or goats, or some trace of man, or their beauty is lost. Of antiquity can stand on the mountain top, and with grey fingers point to works of the past, - nature and Art combine to captivate the soul. - It is this only that exalts the famed Shuirugia above the simple Yankee Berkshire Hills. - Arrived at Eisenach. Here we saw the finest scenery yet. We saw some caves at a hotel with castle Wartburg carved on them. - Were greatly pestered, (as we have constantly been) by guides, porters &c, wishing to direct us, or help us in some way, and bothering us for "Trinkgeld". - But we turned our faces toward the Schloßburg, on which stands the ever memorable castle Wartburg. It took us about a half-hour by a winding, but most excellent road, to reach the summit of the eminence on which the castle stands. It is strong and utterly inaccessible, and reflects the greatest credit on Frederick the Wise that he chose so fine a place for his friend Luther. Here it was that Luther abode from May 9, 1521 to Nov 4, 1522, and here he performed that mighty work for Germany and the world, of translating the bible into the German tongue. We saw the chapel - the very pulpit in which he preached, the little room in which he toiled and thought, and

the spot on the wall, where, when his mind was racked with the torture of persecution, and over-
larded with study, and tinged with supersti-
tion, he fancied he saw the devil, mrowning
and grinning at him, ~~and~~ he let fly his
instand at him, and as Carlyle says —
"hit him hard" — and I might he added —
put a more indelible mark on him than
did his ink on the castle wall. Saw ^{a piece of} the tree
on which he was, and from which he was to
be prisoned, and carried to the Wartburg. It
stood till — Saw portraits of his father and moth-
er by Cranach, and other paintings of himself,
Meklenburg etc. In the castle we saw a large
sextary carved by that rare old artist of Nu-
mberg — Albrecht Durer. Saw the armor of
Frederic the wise, Walter the Springer, common
from the 30 years war — a splendid collection
of weapons and armor of all ages and nations, —
Bannier, trophies from battle fields etc. The view of
mountain, valley and village scenery was truly
fine. ^{From} Some of the castle windows you look down
100 feet below the foundation of the castle, into
dark gorges and fearful declivities. The descent
afforded of continually changing prospects, and
we were led among scenes of ever varying beau-
ty. The Dragons den is an object of great natural
beauty. In former days a rapid stream has
worn a deep bed of from 8 to 20 feet, and barely
wide enough for a single person to pass. This
wild gorge extends about 700 feet, and is truly
named. The cold damp air precipitated upon

breath like a frosty October morning. The Marian-
thal is a lovely valley, doubtless formed originally by
the same stream, and the Ammenthal, another vale,
will richly reward the lover of the picturesque. For
an assemblage of gentle beauty and wild grandeur, — nature's
variety and Art's grandeur — I have never seen
in one prospect to equal. Took the cars at

54 on night for Basel at which place we safely ar-
rived. — ^{during} ~~Waiting~~ the Seep ^{the Sandgrube of Shuringen} built the castle in 1065.

~~At the~~ Saw also at Wartburg a fine painting representing
Vogelweide the Minnesinger taken into the pro-
tection of Sophia, — ~~for~~ ^{on} our way we saw the
Juncus Liebenstein, a lofty castle sum — Insel-
berg, a lofty castle 2949 feet above the level of
the sea. The owners of these old feudal
strongholds have exhibited the greatest taste
in the selection of site, and building these old
houses of oppression. — A bad road from Ein-
senach to Münsingen, off the Railroad will exhibit
some of the finest castle and mountain scenery
in Germany. See some. Wilhelmsthal, Gumpelstätt
Liebenstein, Inselberg, Altenstein, Gerbstein, Glücksburn,
etc. Having time to spare in Ilgensee riding, one
cannot well spend it better than in going
through this part of Shuringen. — On the way
up the Wartburg, ^{you} are shown a group of
two rocks — Müdelstein ^(two rocks) called the March & Home, and
various other attractions. — I can well recol-
lect no single ~~so~~ situation in my life, when
so many essentials to a truly poetical position
were around me, as at the Wartburg. I was el-
evated on a high, rough, wild mountain; other

mountain surrounded me, jagged and and horn
in some instances, and in other cases cultivated to the very
summits; a city lay at my feet, of quaint archi-
tecture, neighboring villages their odd old towers and
gables - winding and strutting eaves, - the musi-
cal harmony bells of the heads in the eaves be-

* * * death, - the beautiful German language uttered
all about me, - armor and weapons of other days
surrounding me. Standing on soil hallowed by the
touch of Martin Luther's foot, and looking upon
walls he gazed on, and feeling the scenery
and the associating - all combined to
render the moment such an one as
can occur to a person but once in a
lifetime. - Nature has adapted the scene for the
colossal memories that crowd in upon the
sartanest mind. It is a pilgrimage for the men
of all climes. Billy is ten months old to-day.

Aug 16. We now in the beautiful city of Basel, and
are tarrying at the hotel - Römischer Kaiser. This
city is the residence of the Elector of Saxe-Bassel,
is situated delightfully on the Rhoda, and has
32,000 inhabitants. There are three places in Bas-
el - Obermünsterstadt - Altstadt, - & Untermünsterstadt.

* * * *
Never did I hear music more delightful than that
of these heads. ^{bells} The best piano cannot equal the effect. Per-
fectly according, arranged to harmonious tunes, the music
came up the mountain - the Ranz des Vaches

The Oberstadt - the finest part of the city, lies on an elevation, and has broad and beautiful streets. There are three "plazas" in this city. Friedrichsplatz the finest, is 6000 feet long and 450 broad and is well framed, and enclosed with fine buildings, thus: O. In the centre is a colossal statue of Frederick II. - The Catholic church is a fine building, having paintings by Tichbein, the seven sacraments in bas-relief by Gerin, statues of Mary, Elizabeth, Peter & Paul &c. The residence palace of the Elector is on one side of the plaza, - a stately building in Italian style, - 120 by 112 feet square, built in 1769. It has a fine facade, Corinthian pilasters, and a fine balcony. The eating saloon 60 feet long, and the dancing hall is 100 by 44 feet square. - The Museum is a stately building, surrounded by pillars 36 feet high, by 4 in diameter, colossal figures engraven in bas-relief &c. There are many very rare curiosities within. - There is a six fold echo in the King's Plaza. - Schloss Bellevue has 1400 fine paintings. - The Stattenburg - on the high bank of the river, an old castle built in the 12th century. Warehouse for 200 horses; 2 fine organs; There is a very large and beautiful God's acre - Johannes Wüller these sheeps. - The most attractive objects are Wilhelm's heights. You pass

of Germany, as if a hundred strange instruments were playing at once, firing melodies. Nor was the effect lessened as a nearer approach. The most accurate ear could not detect a discord among all the clear rich tones well.

out of the city by the Williams door, and pass through a beautiful road shaded with fine lindertrees up a constantly ascending road two and a half miles long. You then come to a fine hotel, and immediately enter the park situated on the steep mountainside. A short distance brings you to the Palace, built of sandstone, in the old Roman style. It is surrounded by fine grounds, and buildings. A little way off stands Löwenstein, a splendid old castle with towers and turrets of great beauty. One of the towers is 130 feet high. — After climbing up the hill a long distance, we begin to see the far famed water works of Basel. First come a series of small lakes, artificially constructed in the side of the mountain. Then come a series of cascades, with stone steps on each side, overgrown with moss and water plants. After climbing several hundred of these we come to a pile of masonry so constructed that a thousand little jets are seen, and a handsome cataract. Then nine fountains, and then, statues of a titan and centaur blowing horns. The noise is heard at Basel, four miles. At the very top of the mountain, where the head is obtained, is built the Riesenschiff, or Ochsen, or Winterkisten. It is a huge Octagon, 800 feet in circumference, and 256 high from the top of the mountain. A colossal statue of Hercules, 31 feet high surmounts the tower, which is 196 feet from the octagon, up. — From the

Palace to the feet of the statue are 842 stone steps.
 There is scarcely room to ascend. The building is 1750
 feet above the level of the sea, and 1300 feet
 above the city. There is a fountain at the palace,
 which plays 192 feet ^{the highest in Europe}. The view is remarkably
 fine. All around the foot of the building spreads
 the dense forest park, broken only by the roads made
 by art, and the rough wild paths of the cascade.
 At the foot of the mount lies the palace and
 the castle; the perfectly straight ladder alley two
 and a half miles long stretches to Basel,
 four miles from you. The city lies beautifully
 before, and the surrounding villages add to
 the scene. Fine mountains roll around the
 landscape - still away in the distance - 150
 miles by the post road - red up, gloomy and
 vast - the Old Doon - the King of the North.
 It is a magnificent spectacle. The first part of
 the cascade is called Artichoke basin. Then comes
 the grotto of Polyphemos (organs) then Vexed water,
 where steam runs contrivance. Then Giant basin,
 where Enceladus is - and a fountain 55 feet high.
 Southwest lies another large waterfall, over which
 is the devil bridge. The walks are in motion Sun
 days and Wednesdays. ——— At a German
 breakfast & supper always, and dinner if the
 traveler wishes, he has a bill of fare, and calls
 for what he chooses, the price of each article
 is affixed - Everything is priced, and charged.
 So day my friend called for vinegar, as
 his salad was not done enough. "Vinegar
 for one, or two?" - said the waiter. ———

Saw a Tyrolean youth and maiden to day -
 draped in most poetical costume. — Beautiful
 fruit & flowers. Here saw such dabbings, stags, grouse
 berries or cherries. — Went into a house to see a
 funeral. Were six persons with cocked hats, white
 neckerchiefs, black clothes and high boots with
 black cloth pinned upon their backs, who
 were hired to attend as mourners. Friends do
 not follow the body to the grave. — Beggars —
 every where beggars. Poor ragged creatures in the
 streets, all winter at public houses and ports
 and other on railroad, and attendant on all
 curiosities. Everywhere and somebody with the
 everlasting request for a Trink-geld, which you
 must give after paying your bill. — Went in
 the evening to see Schiller's William Tell perform-
 ed. Well done & good music. — The view of William's
 heights from the city and the road leading to it, is the
 finest I ever saw. You look up the long aisle
 of houses, and at the further end of the long eye-
 path, elevated so suddenly and so high that it
 seems to stand in the very clouds of heaven,
 stands the rocky pile — emphatically a "castle in
 the air". — Should have spoken of a little fresco
 I saw in the royal palace at Bern. It was a
 Cupid, who had drawn an arrow to the head,
 which was so managed, that so where you
 looked it seemed to be pointing right at you.
 Emblematical of the fatality which attend the
 marksmanship of the merry deity.

Aug 17

Still in Cassel this morning. Have walked about the city, and especially have been to the Frederic place, to see the market women, as it is market day, (Saturday.) Counted 1100 women there, besides seeing many in other places. It is a novel sight. Each one is dressed like the picture of Swiss peasants: thick shoes, short gown and petticoats, fancy handkerchief, hair combed back, generally high, and frequently plumed, a little cap. Still covering a part of the top of the head, with long ribbons hanging off. Each has a basket filled with vegetables, fruit, or game, or other articles for sale. If a baby is in possession (and the lot is very good here, - never saw so many children in all my life,) the goods are arranged on a cloth or board, and little child by dandling or fanning is tumbled into the basket. There are without doubt 2000 peasant women who have walked into Cassel this morning with their huge baskets, filled, on their broad, strong backs. Saw peas and fawns, and water-ced turnips - entered a Jewish synagogue for the first time in my life. Perfectly plain and neat. Left at 1 o'clock. For

60 m. Harburg. Mrs D.'s home. The ride was very fine. We followed a beautiful valley. The valley of the and the Elbe, enclosed with lofty, rugged rocks, and high mountains. Occasionally ruins of castles, would meet the eye, invariably occupying commanding and picturesque position. Talsburg, Altenburg, Seiligerbusch, Harburg, all noble situations were seen and admired. But Railroad suffer in consequence of the interference of the scenery. The three tunnels one of which is 2 miles long, and all with labor of grading the road through Jungers are the only ob-

vicinity, ~~have~~ caused great expense. Although labor is very low here, yet 64 miles from Basel toward Worman ~~is~~ cost \$11,000,000, and 72 miles on the Basel, Munchy ~~is~~ road cost \$11,000,000 more. - As we arrived toward Munchy, we came to Auedoburg, a village on a mountain top. It has a very fine Gothic church founded by Pope Boniface, in the 8th century. From the village 24 villages can be seen. Arrived at Munchy at night, and Mr & his sister were ~~our~~ came with ~~me~~ ^{us} ~~at~~ ^{seeing} ~~brother~~ ^{of} ~~after~~ ^{their} ~~an~~ ^{20 armistadt - 20.000 people} ~~absence~~ ^{53 public buildings - 40,000} ~~of~~ ^{14-157, 283 high - 2000} ~~18 years.~~ ^{large than duchy.}

Aug 18 Arose at 8 o'clock! Had a night of delightful rest, and feel restored somewhat from my fatigue. Munchy is a pleasant place of 8000 people, and has a lovely position on a hill side, like the Kennebec cities, only, surrounded by richer scenery. The University here was founded in 1527, and has a library of 90,000 vols. - The Elisabeth church is one of the finest we have yet seen, - indeed, excepting the dome churches at Magdeburg & Erfurt, I think altogether the finest. It was commenced in 1235, to the honor of St. Elisabeth, and was completed in 48 years. It is in the purest gothic style. The Landgrave Ludwig & Elisabeth his ^{wife} ~~sister~~ here buried were canonised by Pope Gregory IX. - The church was much injured by a flood in 1845, and has not since been used. - The castle on the mountain, the side of which is occupied by the town, it is a strong and venerable edifice. In the Knights hall in 1529, the discussion took place between

Leutner & Zwingli. There I have a botanic garden,
works by Albrecht Dürer &c. — I saw a great many of
the peasants from the neighboring villages, who have
come to town to spend Sunday. It is here, as all
over Germany, a holiday. I found the Depot full
of them sipping their beer, which is the almost
universal drink. The men have no peculiar costume,
except occasionally the blue patch wrought a little
on the shoulder, but the women usually have thick
shoes, white stockings or with a stripe on the side,
very large legs, & dresses so short as almost to show
the knee, a great many petticoats, and a drift
of thick fancy stuff, plaited over and over on
the skirt, and the hair gathered on the top of the
head into a little peaked cap, tied with wide
dark ribbon under the chin. They are generally
quite short, very thick with light hair, blue
eyes, broad faces and coarse features — pictures
of rugged health and strength. — It would
seem singular for a person to be here at
this moment from New England, and hear
as I do now at sunset, this Sunday evening,
a band playing waltz, and a company
of men in a neighboring ball-room, sol-
lizing "nine pins." Yet all these things are
matters of course here. Balls, theatres, amusement,
are more frequent Sunday than on any
other day. — I much miss the quiet of
a New England Sabbath. — I dreamed last night
that myself and wife were attacked by a brood
of immense, terrific serpents, and that after a
long struggle, I secured them all in an

over, and burned them up, by "heaping coals of fire on their heads." So, in a Gospel sense, may I do to all my enemies, if such I have. — Were mother here, she would prognosticate. — Were I superstitious, I should fear that some misfortune was about to befall me, or some of my dear friends at home, for I never, without the slightest cause experienced such a depression of spirits. I feel as if of the world were mine, I would give it, could I fly home, and see those I love, and know that they were well. I will test the presentiment. It is Aug. 18, 8 o'clock in the evening. Consequently, in Norridgewock it is Sunday afternoon, at about 2-3. — Saw yesterday at Basel, a "washing day." The German women do not wash Mondays, or once a week, but families generally have a large stock of linen, and frequently wash no oftener than five or six times each year. Several families thus go out to a convenient place, and when they have finished, their white garments cover the grass at a great distance. — Frequently see very large flocks of geese. They invariably have a geeseherd who attends them in all their wanderings, and thus

"They are led or driven, only where they best and safest may abide."

I see a carriage in a field, frequently, about as large as a coffin. It is a sheep-herds. He drives it by day, and sleeps in it by night. — I see no pastures. Sheep, cattle, goats, geese, all have attendants. There are no fences, as there are no fences.

Aug 19

In Harburg still. A wet, dull morning, and must remain at home to fill my journal, and write. Translated several small German pieces. &c. &c. Wrote letter to the banner and to wife. Went to the Library, which contains 200,000 vols, and not 90,000 as supposed. This is really a vast collection, with rare, worn, eaten volumes; found one written by a German named Hanssen. Quite a number of French and English books. Saw a fine portrait by Tieck, who seems to my poor taste to have been a much superior artist to his fellow craftsman Brannach. — In the Elisabeth church there are fine paintings by both of them, and work in relief by the same. In fact the church is a gem of architecture, and wealth of carving and saw work. I obtained some pieces of the window which were stained by Albrecht Dürer. The coffin of the Holy Elisabeth is a lofty piece of work, of solid silver, overlaid with pure beaten gold, and adorned with several hundred costly gems. Napoleon carried the shrine, coffin, body and all to France, where it remained four years, during which time it was robbed of above a hundred of the largest gems. But the large and beautiful ones still remaining, are enough to dazzle one's eyes. Am delighted with the church and the originality of the appearance of the people. Church built in 1235, (see History of the Holy Saint Elisabeth.) The view from Castle, displays a scene, very much like prospects in New Hampshire, so far as the natural scenery is concerned. In the Castle Professor Jordan was imprisoned from 1832-48, for some very trivial political offence. Fine day.

Aug 20 Designed to go to Gießen this morning, but disappointed,
 15 ed, and forced to wait till noon. Rode in the cars
 to Lollar and then took the post to Gießen. The first
 time I ever rode in a bona fide "post". Gießen is a
 fine University city of 9000 people. It lies in the prov-
 ince of Ober Hessen, on the beautiful Lahn. There is
 a fine promenade, and beautiful wood walks, and a
 hill, 1500 feet high, from which is a fine view. It
 is called Dinkelsberg. There are fine ruins of Giesberg, Pader-
 burg, & Fetsberg - two Gothic churches & fine university build-
 ings, a library of 100,000 vols, a very excellent chemie-
 cal laboratory under Liebig's care, and other fine at-
 tractions. The University bears a most excellent name.
 Arrived at Gießen I called on the learned Dr. Bred-
 ner, for whom I have a letter from Prof. W. S. Balch.
 Found Dr. Bredner, and spent a delightful eve-
 ning with him and his friends and associates
 Professors Jelfenbach and Prouer. They all speak
 English somewhat, and Professor J. very well. Prof.
 B's wife, and Dr. B's daughter speak somewhat. The
 wine was of course produced, and very much
 to the astonishment of the worthy Professors, refused.
 They could hardly understand me when I told
 them I never drank. This was particularly un-
 pleasant as I was obliged to refuse a lady -
 for the Doctor's daughter was the fair slave who
 was cup-bearer. The good wife, - understanding but
 little ~~German~~^{any}, and not knowing why I re-
 fused wine, said, "Want you heard a little
 him?" Prof. B. goes to the convention. Gießen is
 a beautiful town, and most admirably ad-
 apted to the purposes of a University. Just

and beautiful, and surrounded by fine scenes. Staufenberg and Gleiburg, fine old ruins, we passed in the diligence. The road from Naumburg to Gießen, passes through a beautiful country. The valley of the Saale is wide and very fruitful, in some places, at this Autumn, covered with gathered sheaves and laboring peasants, as far as the eye can see. Noticed that horses have all high, peaked saddles, and no blinkers, and that their harnesses are covered with large round brass ornaments. The peasant women generally wear white stockings. As in all mountainous countries, swelled throats, sometimes horribly so, are very common. The Asses stand about, without harness or halter, with a large bag of meal, on their backs. — Arrived at the Erlangen.

Aug 21 Up early on a glorious morning. Remembers that Prof. Breuer expressed great hopes for the world from the Universalists of America — more he said, than from the Peace Convention. — Saw last evening at the Professor's, water from the Jordan and Mount Lebanon and a spring of olive from the Mount of Olives. Prof. B's daughter, plays the piano finely, and sings well, as do all the Germans sing, and nearly all play on some instrument. — All Lutherans, so far as women come & song are concerned. — At 9 o'clock Prof. Breuer called for me, and took me about the city. We went to Luther's Hall, where, on the 300th anniversary of the commencement of the Reformation, Oct 31, 1517, an oak was planted; it

is now green and flourishing. We then went to Prof. Breckin's lecture, where were some thirty students listening. The Do. is heavy and uninteresting in his manner though very profound. He is a man I should judge about 55 yrs. of age, a good full round head, pleasant Sutherish face, and slow in his movements. When he lectures he puts one foot behind the other, sitting on his toe, and leans both arms on the desk before him. No gesticulation. He has talked of moving to America, but told me the size of his family and his own age would probably prevent. — Then went to hear Prof. Bauer talk to his class, on the septinates to a good style. Prof. B. is a short, thick-set man, with a light blue eye, cold cupacious brow and quick motions. When he talks or lectures his gesticulations are rapid, and energetic, and his manner interesting. — Then went to hear the great Prof. Liebig. He looks like a man of genius, who would make his mark in his time, and succeed in whatever he undertook. He has fine hair, very dark, straggling over a noble head and brow, & a dark, clear eye with a finely cut brow which feature indicates his genius. — ~~an~~ ~~as~~ nose slightly aquiline, and a pleasant, handsome mouth. — Indeed, his head and face look like those of a poet, and not a chemist. His person is slender, but compactly and gracefully built, and all his motions are very rapid. He was dressed in black dress coat, variegated vest, light pants and a dicky that would not stay smooth. When lecturing he speaks somewhat rapidly, — jerkily — but with perfect enunciation and pronunciation.

articulates a great deal, sees all his 60 scholars at once, and seems to be lecturing to each. He constantly runs from his study to the blackboard where he writes his quantities, and back again w. s. w. He uses his hands as though striving to catch something, and he always succeeds, - then he throws it into the hands of his pupils. When he has finished, he runs out of the room as tho he had forgotten something. He says he has not, and never has had any idea of going to America, but thinks he shall go to Italy this winter. Our newspaper ^{notices} ~~ideas~~ are therefore erroneous. - Saw Dr. Poore of New York, & also Mr. Johnson who are studying with Dr. General Americans. Mrs. Poore is quite domestic, and seemed delighted to see me.

Visited the Botanic garden. - Had a long talk with Prof. Baur, from which I gather the following ideas: Germany is a free-thinking country. All think as they choose. But there was an epoch in Theology - some years since. Paulus and those like him discarded the bible, and forming Religious Ideas within, took the Bible like any other book, and secured only what they first found there. On the other hand, some others thought could not see too little reason, and so affected to despise it. But gradually both these views have been left behind and now great mass of German Theologians are Evangelical, including Lutherans, Reformers, and Rationalists. All believe in Inspiration of Scripture, and received whatever is there found, but believe that Script contains nothing unreasonable. Paulus stands almost alone, among Theologians, though (so far as I see) he has many followers among the people. Indur, Baurer, Baurer

so are Rational, but Evangelical, and not Strauss, Uhlich
 nor Paulus. De Wette and Tholme ~~se~~, all follow Schleier-
 macher, who took such noble ground, half way
 between Paulus and Ultra Orthodoxy. ~~Self Agreeing~~ on
 the main ground, with the exception of a few men, the
 German Church differ in dogmatic belief. Some
 believe in Endless Misery, some in Final Salvation, but
 general view is, that life is a Trial for Eternity.
 But very little interest — no vital piety — no religious fervor.
 In Gießen 6000 students, ^{20000 people} not more than 150-200 to church.
 Halle 800 — same. In villages the peasants attend
 more frequently. Generally follow not Luther. Ger-
 man Rationalism is equivalent to Liberal Christianity.
 Strauss is equivalent to Pusey — and rather more. Is not
 properly a Rationalist. He is not regarded as a The-
 ologian, discards the name, but professes to be a
 philosopher. — falsely so called. — Here I see very
 little intelligence among common people. Children
 go to school, but as soon as they leave, they must
 work early & late to get black bread & water enough
 to eat & drink, or if more, tobacco & wine. Papers are
 small, & limited circulation. — Students are nearly
 all Democrats, as are the Professors. There is a
 great deal of feeling in reference to Schleswig Hol-
 stein. A general voice against the conduct of Den-
 mark & the inactivity of Germany & Great Brit-
 ain. A few words from the latter would stop the
 wickedness of the King. Austria has destroyed Hung-
 ary, and I much fear that Denmark will
 take Holstein, and that they, poor Germany
 will be dismembered, and follow the fate of Po-
 land. At this, we look at any moment, and

may at all times, for the first of a series of Explosions which will effect the greatest changes in Central Europe. May the God of Peace, and not of Battles be the Ruler of the Storm. The thinking people, when asked what will be the result, or the future condition of matters here, can only say - Who knows -

At three took the omnibus for the city of Frankfurt. The most beautiful ride I ever took, without exception, though if I was at home I should have the Cholera, I sans doubt. Have all the symptoms and some of them terribly. Took two glasses of cogniac brandy at Friedberg, and hurried for the car, fearful that I might not get there. Singular sensations. - The country from Gießen to Friedberg is most beautiful. As far as the eye can see the country is literally crowded with the gathered grain, and growing vegetation, while the roads for miles, yes all the way, are lined on both sides with beautiful shade trees, or more frequently loaded apple trees. The apples are as plenty as the trees are whortleberries in a good season. The distant mountains only bound the fertile and luxuriant view. The apples not as large as American. - Notice that the teamsters crack their whips very rapidly, frequently playing 9 times. - All distances on way told and advertisement &c - are reckoned not in miles, but stunden, or hours. So many hours, reckoning about 2 1/2 English miles to the hour.

32. Arrived at nine, in Frankfurt. Went to the Englischer Hof and Weidenbusch - could not get in. Succeeded at the Sandberg. Cup of tea, and to bed. Shall drink no more tea in Germany - Horrible stuff.

Aug 22. Arose this morning, and went to walk about this beautiful city - one of Germany's free cities. It is certainly the Queen city of the Rhine. Saw Goethe's monument, a colossal statue, with a sculptured base, representing several figures, but the only inscription - Goethe. It occupies the centre of a large square. Saw the fine streets, and heard the most delightful of all music yet. The band was out, and the joyful strains seemed to take my very heart by storm. Accidentally coming across the German Parliament House, or St. Paul's Church behind - the friends of Peace were just assembling. The German papers had placed the date of the meeting one day later - the 23d. The house containing one vast oval hall, about fifty feet high, with a gallery going around nearly the whole. The two-headed eagle was of course over the rostrum, and the flags of Germany hanging around the room. The hall is very large and could hold 4000 persons. When the meeting was called to order there were 1700 persons present, of whom 200 were delegates. 550 from England, 30 from America, 1000 from Germany, 100 from France, 70 from other countries. It was organised in the choice of -

Prince Minister of Hesse Darmstadt, President, and Emile Girardin of Paris, Vischer of Bonn, President Hitchcock of Amherst N.H. Am. Rev. Mr. Borne of Frankfurt, Vice President, and Henry Richards, Joseph Gurner, Secretaries.

The President on taking the chair, made an excellent speech, in German, expressive of hope, and of welcome. He was followed by in French, and then the resolutions were read in f.g. & e. - Rev. John Bowdler was

then called for, and he spoke. He is an Englishman in looks
 and manners: stout, short, but active and eloquent. Spoke of
 suitability of place - Gen. Bar. House. Came to reason, not fight - we
 are not made to fight - Tigers are: teeth, claws - cannot reason - we
 can, these are our teeth & claws! - Speech was good. Then
 Rev. Wockner, son of the Philosopher was called for, he spoke.
 Then Rev. Mori Bonni, pastor of the French Reformed ch.
 in Frankfurt. Then Rev. of Paris, one of the vice-
 presidents. Then Rev. David Huntington, of Maine, U.S.A., was cal-
 led for. He was not in. Rev. Henry Garnet of N.Y. - a colored
 man made a good speech, which was translated into
 German. of Frankfurt spoke. Then Mr. O'Connell
Girardin, the great Frenchman was called for, and he
 mounted the podium. He is fair, rather above medium height, small
 restless eyes, a remarkably full brain, pleasant benevolent face,
 voice like clarion, loud not nasal like the other French
 speakers. Wore black high stock, was eye glass, and when he
 talks, left his left hand remain at his side, and constant
 he uses his right in gesticulation, and his body is engaged in
 bowing. His head and hair and face very much resemble
 the portraits of Napoleon. He was received & constantly
 encouraged by thunder of applause. He said he wanted a word
 not in the French language - he wanted to speak to the men of the future.
 He spoke in the city where a place where German Diet hold its sessions.
 We are a diet, Diet of Peace - not to solve troubles of world. Not political,
 not territorial, but troubles of thought & interest. But some say our ideas
 are utopian all enthusiasm. But have we not practical men, whose ideas
 are not utopian? Have we not Rich. Cobden (applause!) Referred to
 congress of other days. Nap. Alex. Fred. smile triumph - The men
 who are true congresses are Watt, Fulton, & Wilberforce. All prophets of
 the future - Unity. Grand idea of Universe is Unity. We
 created a Unity - are governed a Unity - & must end in a Unity.


Walden said. when Europe fights again will be civil war, war of ideas & principles. These epochs in the modern history.

1. Despotism. 2. Unity is possible. proved by history of America.
3. To come, when all people shall be one. Tribune, press - school, will do much, but science also. binding nations together, modes of conveyance &c, will make their interests and themselves one. These ideas of Unity, Oneness of Man, must expand. The times prophesy the period, when the once hating one blood, one father, one spirit, one interest, shall be one people. a Universal Fraternity." Words give no idea of the glowing & magnificent speech. Adjourned 10 minutes.

Mr. Vacher of Brussels spoke, followed by Mr. Beck of Darmstadt. He was followed by an eloquent speech from Mr. Mauser from Frankfurt. Then Girardin made another superb demonstration. Professor Blanchard of Philadelphia, was called for. He answered by reading the address of the Pennsylvania Peace Society, deserving to be printed in letters of gold. Like the ending of Girardin's first speech, it was Universalism, and ended nowhere short of that, though the author may have been in every way far from our holy religion in sentiment. It said we all have "one God, one Father, one flesh, one blood, one life, and are one in spiritual setting".

Richard Cobden answered a tremendous call. He is a young looking, pale, fair man, of beautiful face and manner, his style forcible, active, clear, straightforward, plain, and at times very eloquent and glowing. His voice is not good. He spoke to the second day and carried conviction. His reference to Bagnan (who was present) was capital. "Was it because even he doubted the propriety of his calling, that he came there?" He was translated into German & French. The meeting then adj. till 10 tomorrow. — General Bagnan

is a savage looking man. He looks blood & murder. His name should be slightly changed and spelled Agar. He has long, grey, stiff mustaches, a mile beyond eye, and a most pitiful countenance. Two hundred of the Congress died together. - The German papers speak well of the movement. One gives a history of it, and another speaks very encouragingly. *und auch das ist wahr. Ist doch Deutschland das Herz Europa's, und der ganze Friedensgedanke ist eine Schöpfung des Herzens, der Liebe, der Vaterschaft Gottes und der Brüderschaft der Menschen!*

The first meeting of the friends of Peace was in London in 1843. People were present from England, Scotland and Ireland, but not many Americans. The second 3 days in Sept. 1848, in Brussels, 160 English & Americans. The third in August 1849, in Paris. 36 Americans, 300 Englishmen, 230 French, 23 Belgians & others from Sweden, Ger. Italy Spain &c, making 2000. Frankfurt was founded in 1152. I have seen  the house where Goethe was born. It is built somewhat thus. Over the door reads "In diesem Hause wurde Johann Wolfgang Goethe Am 28 August 1742 Geboren." I met Miss Smith and Thurston, the only two I ever saw before. Someone and Homerick.

Aug 23 Convention, first thing. So my great joy I met Bro George Chapin & Nussey, and Thurston, and other Americans. We had a grand time, and I recovered from my home sickness. I called to order by pres. Several words were presented to the Convention by different gentlemen. - Chas Wurdley, M.P. spoke; he made a good speech. He referred to people he had seen in the East. Those mothers or selves had named them of ex. or toll, or punishment, that they might not be made soldiers. He said the difficulty between Schleswig Holstein & Denmark could be settled by arbitration.

If European governments are partial, is America? Rev —
 Stein, Jewish Rabbi at Frankfurt followed. Then Joseph
 Garnier of Paris followed. Rev. Dr. Bullard of Missouri —
 Good western eloquence, but hostile for Universal Yankee
 action. He said he felt related to every man. Girardin,
 grand. Gen. Danson of Birmingham. glorious speech 10 m.
 Dr. Hitchcock, pres. of Amherst College. dull. Cobden gave
 a great speech, full of facts. utterly overwhelming. He said
 some excuse for war, but more for armed neutrality. It implied
 distrust of man, no confidence in humanity. Worse than in-
 diary. They bury the hatchet in peace. War ~~cost~~ in Europe.
 annually ~~\$400,000,000~~ ^{\$400,000,000} ~~\$~~. Pop. 260,000,000. Value each
 man's labor ~~\$45~~ ^{\$45} ~~\$~~ 180,000,000. Add maintenance. \$400,000
 000. Expended in Europe. \$600,000,000. ¹/₃ would build
 as much of railroad as in Europe. Dr. Hall of Prov.
 grad. was unimpaired. Int. def. of Holland.
 Adjourned to tomorrow. — But one point. Brotherhood
 of man. — American Delegates. Revs. E. H. Chapin,
 J. S. Sargent, W. B. George and J. W. Hanson. Univer-
 salists. ~~Rev. D. H. Hays~~ ^{Rev. D. H. Hays}, Revs. D. Austin, of Waltham, Rev. Dr.
 Bullard of Missouri, Rev. Dr. Hall of Providence, Ortho. Elin
 Smith, Dr. Reed, Prof. Cleveland, President Hitch-
 cock, Zebina Eastman, Wm. Parker, Squam Port, E. R. Great
 House. changed my order of exercise. Bro. George and my
 self will go to Switzerland as fast together, and I shall
 not return so soon as expected. Am sorry and glad.
 Rev. Henry Garnet, N. Y., Henry Coffman, Rev. C. W. Holland, &
 others. — (Third Day — Called to order by the
 President) over)

Aug 24 Called to order by President. Prof. Liebig gave in his
 adhesion. A letter from the archbishop of Paris, appro-
 bating the movement. The venerable Dr. Wich was
 present, and sanctioned the movement. So far the
 Indian chief made a good speech, some fine,
 and some poor passages. He presented the cabinet
 of peace to the Congress in the greatest applause.
 Dr. Weild, of Frankfurt; Dr. Wodensky referred to the
 Schleswig Holstein troubles. Said Congress might settle them.
 Cobden hoped the subject might be left, in a judi-
 cious speech. Girardin grand. Edward Meyer Esq of
 England, acute, sharp and excellent. Dr. Waddono
 in Italian. (of Piedmont) Cobden. Mr. Sedderstad,
 Swedish Consul at Cape of Good Hope. President —
 Ekinus Borsotti. excellent. (Idea of Peace Congress)
 in an anonymous work in France, in 1622. Kant recom-
 mends it in his "Project for Perpetual Peace 1772". It began
 with first international law. Signs of times. all great Proj-
 ects are universal. railroad across Siberia. telegraph round
 earth — ocean ferry postage. Art Union; Industrial
 Cong. — Mr. Bodin — N. P. Mr. Schutz
 of France. E. H. Chapin — most applause — Rev. An-
 drew Reed, Eng. Dr. Hotz, Frankfurt. Mr. Schuler
 Germany. — Bismarck — Bischer — A reso-
 lution was presented, deprecating duelling. Moved by one
 of the German Vice Presidents. Mr. Bodin called upon
 to second — refused — Cobden did, and Girardin.
 Richard grand speech — Frederic Holland. good — fine
 cheers for a good future for Germany. Voted to print
 proceedings in German. It was referred to that had
 been said Germany and English were enemies. Decried
 in greatest enthusiasm. Friends Eng, Germany.

all denied greatest enthusiasm. Cobden, Graham rejoined. Referred to fact that 3000 of all nations, languages mingled, and but one voice, one heart. Adjourned to one again in London. Day cold, rainy, dreary. Has been a great and good meeting. Has warmed, drawn out benefited and helped. This town, or rather city existed in the time of Charlemagne, who held a council there in 794. — The Town Hall contains the room where the scepter of Germany used to be given away. It contains the portraits of 45 Emperors. — Splendid cathedral, in Romanesque style. Nave built in 1238. — choir 1338. 1415 tower commenced. Tower was worked at 160 years. Very beautiful, though not yet finished. Some other fine churches and buildings, one Saalhof, erected in 800 by Louis le Debonnaire. Several libraries, museum and other attractions were to be shown to the delegates gratuitously. But I thought I could not stay till Mon. Tues. & Wednes. when they were to be seen.

Aug 25. Rose early this morning. & prepared for Cologne. Found my bill for three days board was about 60! Will not do, so Bright and early, took the cars for Barmen, en route for the Rhine, and Cologne. A fine ride — rich country, began to see the vine cultivated. Vast fields with grape vines running up, on sticks from 2 to 3 feet high. As we stopped at the depot, we heard the holy music of the sweet Sabbath bells, ringing & chiming. Music most melodious. Took the boat at Barmen, quite a lovely little place. Mainz lies opposite, one of the finest of cities. Shall stop again when

I return. It lies very near the point where the main,
 800 feet broad joins into the Rhine, at about place
 1200 feet wide. It was in possession of the Romans
 very early, and now was Bonn as a Christian
 city. Here are some ancient Roman antiquities: the
 ruins of an aqueduct, and a tower of Donatus, the
 latter 50 feet high. The aqueduct has 59 pillars 30 feet
 high, and 13-16 feet in circumference. There was a
 Roman bridge here, and the mills are now at-
 tached to the old pillars. Seen at low water. 36 feet
 in circumference, & 64 feet apart. Great Cathedral; began
 in 970, by Archbishop Willigis & finished in 1009 - 257 by
 140 feet. Principal tower 390 feet high. Parochial tower
 43 feet in diameter. Roof sustained by 76 pillars. Full of
 magnificent monuments. Many other churches - but St. Stephen
 built by Willigis has octagonal tower, ~~94~~ 95 feet high (!?) -
 A library of 104,000 vol. & 5000 coins &c. Wonderful
 clock, most remarkable piece of work on Rhine. Mon-
 ument of Gensfleisch of Gutenberg, inventor of printing.
 designed by Thorwaldsen & cast at Paris in bronze. Inscrp-
 tion: "Joannem Gensfleisch de Gutenberg, Patricium Magunt-
 inum hunc per totam Europam collatorem proventus
 eius MDCCC XXIV. The bridge connecting of Benty &
 Kastel is 1666 feet, & supported by 47 boats. Kastel was the
 ancient Castellum Bonni. We pass up by Schleinstein, Wal-
 d, Bundenheim, & villages Wakenheim, & Gledesheim. -
 Beautiful grape growing and fertile landscape - background
 of mountains. Gledesheim fine scenery. Then Kettersau, Elfeld,
 founded in 14 century by Louis, for the Danubians. Then
 comes Rheingau, & castle of Scharstein. Esbach,
 built in 1131 by Albert I. archbishop of Mainz. Stenberg
 one hundred acres surrounded with immense wall. Pos-

eminent of the Rhine towns. Beautiful Gemma church,
 lately restored. A little removed from the river is Eibing-
 en - castle built in 1148 - destroyed in 1803. Bilsheim
 of Nassau, beautifully located at the foot of the lofty scenery
 of Niederwald. Bingen "fair Bingen on the Rhine",
 next, on the left bank. - Here the vast mountains ap-
 proach each other, sending the river narrow, &
 deep, and the scenery very imposing. The mountains
 rise almost perpendicularly, they are rough, rocky,
 rugged, torn into rifts, & occasionally sudden but
 delicious valleys & streams breaking through them, with
 the lofty castles, fastened like swallows nests in the
 clefts of the rocks. No words can describe. The cables
 joining the Rhine here. Here is a lofty rock - Mühlstein,
 where the heart & brain of Richard (Duke of Normandy)
 were let down into the Rhine, in obedience to
 his last request. (Historian of the Rhine.) Waterwheel has
 erected a tomb for him at Johannisherg. Soon
 we came to the ruins of a low tower, in the
 middle of the river - Bishop Hatto's mouse tower, -
 (see Southery) - A little below is Bingerloch - For-
 merly rocks were here so high across the stream
 that the water had the form of a cascade, but
 Art & Time have nearly made the water smooth.
 Charlemagne smothered it in part, and the
 Germans have made a channel thro the ledge 210 ft.
 Opposite is the ruin of Ehrenfels - very imposing. Built
 by Hatto. Destroyed by French in 1689. Then Rheine
 turns curves to Arnheimhausen, which produces the
 best rotto wine. Opposite is the fine castle Rhein-
 stein, 260 feet above the river. Once Fairberg. Be-
 long to Frederic of Prussia. Style Middle aged. fine.

There is a gem of a Gothic Church - St. Clements,
 built by Waldev. Rheinstein was a robber and sought
 to carry off a maid of the Valley of Wipperf. She cried to
 St. Clement, who caused the vessel to sink, drowning the
 Robber, while the maid walked to shore on the waves.
 She then erected a chapel among the nut trees. —
 Just below are the fine ruins of Reichenstein, or Falk-
 enberg, or Königstein. Once resort of Frederick, but
 destroyed by the Allied troops of Rhine, but rebuilt by
 Philip Hohenstaufen. As his successor became rob-
 ber, Rudolf destroyed it in 1289, and changed the
 knights and robbers. Lovely valleys. Morgenbachtal,
 then village of Sachling, or Sriedthausen. Castle Donneck,
 belonging formerly to Prussia. Formerly robbers destroyed 1289. —
 Rhine grows wider. — Castle Steinberg, Furstenberg des-
 troyed in 1689. Murney Furstenthal. — Lorch, and battle
 Fursteneck. Found in documents in 832 + Lorch has its own
 common law. Thence 12 century. It is in beautiful valley
 of Wipperf. Above hangs Devil's ladder, the Redrich steep
 & precipitous rock. It is said Sibo, courageous but unscrupulous man
 refused hospitality to an old man, and suddenly Giselard, his
 daughter disappeared. He was on the Redrich! Saw her daily
 but could not save. In 4 years Ruthelm, a knight returned
 from Asia Hungary, and following the guidance of an old wom-
 an, he found a ladder fixed to the rock, and mounted, Gi-
 selard was tied. Then valley Saethal having several cast-
 les off the Rhine, and then two or three small villages —
 and Bacherach. Here are found Roman coins. (Roman
 origin - name Bacherach?) Ruprecht surrounded it with walls & towers,
 12 towers yet visible. Ruins of Stahleck on the mount. It
 wanted to be released from its duties, & offered Wenzel
 20,000 florins, but he refused. It then offered it out of

its wine, & was accepted. Byzantine church St. Peter, ruins
 of St. Germand, & tower of the temple. Stahleck, castle of
 much renown. belonged from 10 cent. upward to the Sur-
 cöln, now Prussia. Occupied by Hohenstaufen, Welfen,
 Wittelsbacher families. Her German emperors held their
 courts. Seized 6 times in 30 years & destroyed in 1689.
 Then comes Altarstein, rock, said to have been an
 altar to Bacchus. Island Schleissen + dangerous place
 called Das Wilde Gefährde. — Then sing. rock tower in
 Rhine. Rheingrafenstein, or Pfalz. Once tollhouse. A bell
 summoned all to pay. East side Arch door attained by
 a ladder. Agnes of Hohenstaufen fled here from Henry of Welfen.
 Mother liked him, and he entered. Ladies of Counts palatine of
 Rhine have accommodation here. a well, out of Rhine. Several towers,
 & inaccessible. Scarb. slate & wine. Has been owned by Counts
 Kuringen, Lords Bobanden, Hünshbügg &c. Toll here for me & above
Gutenfeld, very strong. Sentry box from which Gustavus Adolphus gave
 orders in 30 yrs war. Blücher passed here Jan 1 - 1814. —
 Oberwesel, Verovia of Romans. old walls, rare churches. Notre
 Dame, especially. magnificent choir. 11 cen. St Werner ch. 1266. on the
 spot where Infant St. Werner murdered by Jews. Behind is
 Schöenberg. owned by Albert of Prussia, very ancient. destroyed in
 the 16th cent war. Salmon fishery (nice!) fine valleys. Rapid
 current, + 7 rocks at low water, 7 maidens. 7 countesses of Schön-
 berg, who were changed to rocks because of their hardness
 toward the cavaliers. — Beautiful rock - Sudeis, — echo - legend
 down come had edified. + St Gons. in 877 St. G. hermit, fisher
 & boatman dwelt here. treacher boy. Siegfert built him a
 tomb & chapel. miracles, & town grew up - capital of the county
 Katzenellenbogen. Prod. ch. 1466. Once curious custom here. das
Hänselein. every one who came here first time, a collar, and must
 drink to Emp. Lord of County & Soc. name in Hänselein. & toll + +

Where was convent (Matterburg) back of St. G. Almsfeld. Founded by Dietrich V. in 1445. He enforced tribute of all 26 towns united against him. 40 times sought to take by storm, in vain. 1692 Gen. Jalland + 24000 men besieged it from Dec 8 to Jan. 1794 given up to French at first summons. 1796 blown up. Opposite St. Goarhausen. Behind this, ruins of Katzenellenbogen, built in 1393 by John III. - destroyed in 1807 by Napoleon. Splendid, lofty ruins, both + Villages + Reichenberg - Broader + lovelier landscapes. vines + verdure. Then Schumberg or Mand. At Hirtzenach, an ancient priory. Several villages, + Steinheim + Stenberg. Resemble each other, said to have been the work of two brothers. Legend, two loved the same. (Heine) At the foot, ancient Capuchin convent, Ossehofen. found in 1676, + closed in 1813. Much resorted to by pilgrims, on account of ancient chapel built by Count Ossehofen, having miraculous image - we saw booths, and processions and noise + confusion. The banks for miles were crowded with pilgrims. Occasionally nunneries are seen, and very frequently images + shrines, on the banks of the river. Two nuns came on board. Good looking, black bonnet, white on head under black. Looking at them, the castles + nunneries, and calling History to my aid, seemed to be transported centuries back - scenery lovely - never saw better here than the river presents. - Fine avenue of English walnuts leading to Kamp, where the Romans had intrenchments. Villages. Change in landscape. Arrive at Boppard, Banabriga of Romans. lofty tower. Here was one of the 50 forts built by Romans. walls of town on fortification. King of France had palace here. Knights templars had here a Commandery. Rare old Gothic. Byzantine ch., 2 towers. - (965.) Carmelite church fine. Above the town sunny Marienberg. built by Knights of Boppard

in 1123 & burnt in 1788. rebuilt, became a cotton factory, &
now bathing establishment. fine situation. (legend of the white Belva.)
Mühlenthal valley. Villages. & soon comes only Rhine castle that
has survived - Marksburg. At the foot old castle Philipshaus.
Brey & then Rheine, where was Koenigstuhl. Royal seat
was octagon on nine pillars 17 feet high. fourteen steps led to
the platform where eight steps for 7 electors & emperor of Germany.
Destroyed in 1794 & 4 stones left. Restored. - Then Oberkallenstein,
where Aug 20, 1400 Electors deposed Wenceslas, mentioned as early as
890. Castle. - Lahnbeck 13 cent (beautiful) destroyed by French
in 1688. Also, magnificent new castle Stolzenfels. It existed in
Frederic 2nd's time, destroyed in 1689, but Coblenz gave it to Prussia
King who rebuilt it magnificently. Without & within, it is splendid,
but the scenery! Islands, forests, towns, mountains, fields, forests. Opposite
the beautiful Lahn, & Niederlahnstein, since the St. Jude. A
few villages & then Coblenz. As I am to stop here, I will describe
under two names. From Coblenz to Bonn the scenery is very
grand, of the same general character with preceding. Villages
on little flats at the foot of mountains on the river edge.
churches, castles, ruins, and mill, grand prospects. Every foot
is of course with historic associations. Kernerhof, Wallers-
heim, Sesselheim, Schönschloß (in.) Urban (up.) Besselich manor,
Mallendar, Vallendar, (old castle were Adolph dukes with prince
of Bavaria. in valley back runs of river Schönschloß. Island
Niederwerth. cannot be seen from Lahn & Moselle. Villages
Sebastian Engel, Kalten Engel, Urmitz. Bendorf. Wertenberg (up)
Mühlhofen (Lahn flows in.) Opp. - Lahn castle side Frederick
berg & Remberg and on the height Gerberg. Just below
Engel, splendid castle. Here Arch Duke of Falsenstein
built a castle. Ruined arch of Roman bridge. Here
Caesar passed the Rhine. - Weisenthurm, dutch watch
tower. Burned, built by Frederick Wm for all who have been
since from the country but then religion sake!

cattle & farm-antiquities. 1700 birds 313 mammalia. ~~old~~ corn &c. Mos-
 sian establishment 450 inmates. Children. sister white
 bonnets. widows white ribbons, married women blue. young
 women faint, girls dark red. excellent school. Make good soap,
 soap, gloves &c. pipe, tobacco, establishment for schoolmaster. Beau-
 tiful situation. - Then Friedrichstein, or Jentelshausen. Full
 of quarts &c. Above handsome church Feldkirche. Several
 villages, Hoche's monument. Kettelhof - Magnificent (place)
 scene of many battles. + Andernach - municipal right
 in 1109. Round tower of Roman origin. Palace destroyed
 by French in 1688. Watchtower, walls 15 feet thick. parish
 church built by Valentinian. Fine valleys. Bach 3
 hours of road 666 feet above Rhine, & 200 feet deep. Abbey
 of Beuren near by, Saxon architecture. + Then Detsberg.
 Hilby, & then Hammelstein, a conical mountain. It men-
 tioned in 1018. In 11th cen. belonged to Otto of Wetteran, who
 married his cousin W. Jumentude. - excommunicated. & fle-
 her - besieged & compelled by famine, to become wife, but
 through triple oaths, lived with her till death. Henry 4th
 flying from son sought here an asylum. Villages +
 town of Borch, fine - Then splendid castle Rhein-
 eck, built in 1832. full of tapestry paintings &c. Villages, &
 then, splendid castle Arzfeld belonging to house of
 Leysen. Lattenberg, & Dintz. North of Aar. Fine neigh-
 borhood. - Dintz - ancient - 1330 fortified - Engelbert III
 built castle in 1305, suffered 30 years war - sacked in war
 of Orleans. - Parish church fine situation & worth seeing -
 Ch. of Capuchins - Good red wine - Villages, & many of
 Ackenfeld + barbach, mount 697 feet, red wine, then Re-
 magen, Reginum of Romans. Roman antiquities, -
 Opposite is Aepel, - Then Appoloniaberg, - fine mount-
 ain. Most beautiful church (Gentonic) I ever saw.

Bonn.

cap of Pruss.
sion gov of
Cologne.
10,000 people
4 cath 1 prot.
ch.

University 1818
Prussian gov
endowed it
with 80,000
Pruss. dollars
annually.
50,000 vols.

Printing Press
for Sanskrit
450 students
120 foreigners.

Then Uncle best view of Bacherfels & Siebenbrunn - & best
view I have seen in Deutschland. Here several
pretty villages & fine scenery. + Island of Konen-
wath - once nunnery, now a large hotel - excellent
place. perhaps best centre for the pleasure seeker. Of-
ten destroyed. (built 12 cent.) 30 yrs war. demolished in 1711 +
Frederick protected it, & granted nuns privilege of remaining.
Sold in 1822. + Opposite of Rolandseck. lovely & grand,
single arch one span with ivy. Several villages. The
Seven Mountains: Elberg 1453, Konenstronberg 2065; Bacher-
fels 1056; Wollenburg 1055; Peterberg 1053; Sinnenberg 1414 feet
above the Rhine. Hermann or Rosmar. Tale of ghosts &
legends. On the Sinnenberg Luther & Melancthon lived in
a castle. Once a great dragon lived in a cave at
foot of Bacherfels. - Most magnificent and lovely
view. Built in 12 cent, & destroyed in 1510. - Most mag-
nificent view. Konigs winter, near, remains of royal
Tomb Palace. Ch. preserves ms. of Mark book of 13th cent +
Oberdellendorf, & valley Heisterbach, & abbey of same. Several
pretty, but not remarkable villages, & then Godes-
berg - mineral springs. old battle Godesberg. Splendid.
Blown up all but one stone 100 feet high in 1583. - Then
Poppelsdorf - self was manufactory, behind which, is the
Thiersberg and fine convent on summit. Great place
of pilgrimage - holy Han case - (legend - student) Road
from Bonn to Cologne uninteresting, except constantly
changing and beautiful view of the Seven Mount-
ains & Bacherfels. - At Billig ancient convent of
Benedictine nuns (985.) Several pretty villages, & at
Sinsdorf all cultivation of vine ceases. castle. Bank
flat, and then Cologne. Arrived at 5 o'clock and
went about the city several hours. Found a good

hotel, and to bed tired enough. Description tomorrow.

Aug 26 The waiter did not waken me, and I could not start in season to reach Mainz tonight. Too bad, as it will put me back — But Cologne is a pretty city. Though I am often reminded, as I have been many many times in German cities of Coleridge's lines:

Good receipt. Invented "In Böhn, a town of monks and boys
And pavement langued with numerous stores,
And soap and hogs, and hideous benches,
I counted two and 70 stench =

de cedro
de cedrat
cote avant
citro
bergamot
oranger
15 factories
24 damps
ber. mill. hotly
All well defined and sexual stink.
If myriads that rule the sewer & stink,
The river Rhine it is well known
Lies with your city of Cologne,
But henceforth, oh what power divine
Will ere wash the River Rhine? —

It seems that a change has come over the city, — the 72 are joined together, and in the union have increased in geometrical progression, and all the rest of the cities have caught the complaint! — Cologne — Colonia Agrippina of the Romans — once capital of Lower Germany. Watery introduced Christianity. In 830 Charlemagne invested it with archiepiscopal dignity. In 1242 her city & till 15 cancelled Venice of Rhine. Then 150,000 people, 200 churches & chapels, & called holy town. Now 70,000. — Splendid cathedral, and rapidly improving. — 14 Aug - 1248 Arch-bishop Conrad laid corner stone - former cathedral here founded by Hildebald but burned. Frederick the Wise rescued from ruin, and F.W.V. continued

used 50,000 thalers to build. On all sides contributions
 flowed in. Towers 372 x 250 feet high. Two bells, cast in
 1447 weighing 12,000 & 22,400 lbs. - Choir finished in
 1841 cost 350,000 thalers. Saw it by moonlight - Truly mag-
 nificent. 150 feet high inside and same in breadth +
 Seven chapels round the choir. - One chapel, contain-
 ing chapel of 3 Kings, with relics &c, include with 1540
 gems and some are very large. Boogie of 3 of the
 wise men who went to view Infant Christ (!?) -
 Chemise of Virgin Mary, in which she was confined.
 Chelt of solid silver, weighing 140 lbs. Paintings &
 sculpture and relics almost without number. In many
 respects most splendid ch. - yet seen. - Ch. of St. Ma-
 ris ^{near} eldest on Rhine. An altar piece of Albrecht Du-
 rer. Church of Pantaleon, of stone of bridge built by
 Pantaleon. Constantine. oldest building in Cologne. - Ch.
 of Epiphany 1120. St. Gereon 1212. St. Martin, 1172. St.
 Lambert 1248. St. Andrew 1414. St. Peter 1524. St. Ursu-
 las 12th cent. Ch. Assumption 1336, + its bells from
 cannon taken by Tilly from ^{Rubens birth house - (1577) or 10 years before.} Magdeburg. Other old
 during building, and modern & fine ones. St. Paul-
 us after American style. - Fine Museum, having 1616
 pictures, 3875 drawings 38,254 engravings, 3765 sculp-
 tures, 38 marble antiquities, 104 local &c. 5038 coins &c.
 On the whole, a most delightful city. - Though a
 very rainy day, our ride up the Rhine was
 very pleasant. I became acquainted with a gentle-
 man and his family of the London Dispatch
 office, and with a Mr. Chase whose company to
 Cologne, where we spent the night, was very pleas-
 ant. - A singular incident took place in ref-
 erence to Mr. Chase. Coincidence. - We made

a pleasant party, exchanged cards &c. Mr. Chase
 lives in Buffalo. Did not land at Bonn, which
 is a fine city, called by Romans, Bonna, & by Saxons,
 Bonnensia, Birston, or in Middle Ages, Vesona —
 A most renowned seat of learning & wisdom. Col-
 ony of Ubians. One of the 50 Roman fortresses. Under
 Trajan, Marcus Aurelius & Constantine the Great (98-
 337) town of great importance, & was fortified by
 Julian Apostate 361-3. — Municipal right in 1240,
 and 1254 joined Hanseatic Union. Emperor Engel-
 bert removed in 1268 to B. Emperor Joseph Clement
 raised a part of foundation in 1717. — The Min-
 ster Church, formerly an arch deaconry, is most re-
 markable church. Commenced in 12 cent. The
 foundation of choir, makes a subterranean ch.
 In organ loft colossal statue 13 cent, Engelbert 2, & bronze
 statue of Helena Kneeling before the cross with 40,000
 Guilder + Church of Minorites 1196. Ch. of Jesuits 17 cent,
 University 149,000 vol books & 300 mss. Magnificently large
 building. 2 pub. div. 1 coll. div. 1 phil. 1 phys. seminar. Most
 celebrated & best institution in Germany. — 100,000 spec-
 imens in natural history. + Beethoven's birthplace 815
 St. Bonnegasse. A monument about being erected
 here. Fine grounds about here. Flying bridge. —
 Double ch. upper part only used for worship 1154 —
 On mountain top is former Benedictine abbey, now
 lunatic asylum. — Our ride fine — Saw the
 castle and mounts and village a second time,
 and they looked like the faces of old friends. Land-
 ed at Coblenz, and leaving our baggage at a
 cheap looking hotel, (which we thought we would
 try) we went about this pretty city, with its

most delightful emirs. Description tomorrow —

Aug 27 Up at 3 o'clock, to take the four o'clock boat from Cob-
 120 lenz to Mannheim. A word of Coblenz. It enjoys a
 lovely situation at the junction of the Rhine and
 the "blue Moselle". I walked some distance up the
 Moselle for the song's sake, and surveyed its pretty
 vale from the fine bridge. The Frank Kings Childer-
 bert & Theodoric resided here, and Charlemagne ~~reside~~
 came here from Ingelheim. Great many assemblies
 of Prelates and princes. It after (Charlemagne) rose to em-
 inence. Suffered in 30 yrs war, but recovered under
 Charles Caspar of Sengen. He fortified it with walled fort,
 casemated tops of walls, & strong bastions, so that it re-
 mained & resisted all attacks of the French in 1668,
 until Coblenz over the Moselle was entirely destroyed.
 New town built by Wenceslaus. Coblenz made capital
 of Rhine department under Napoleon. In 1815 an-
 nexed to Prussia. Very strong and important fortress.
 New town is finely built. The fort Alexander, Stun-
 nenhöhe, Constantine, Beantenberg strong. On latter once
 stood convent of Benedictines (1153) — Electoral castle
 large & handsome. 1778. Episcopal castle on the
 bridge. Hotel of Wotternich. Convent of Jesuits. Un-
 der town clock head of huge man, whose eyes turn
 at every pendulum swing, and whose mouth opens
 when clock strikes. — Fine churches. St. Peter, in
 the river's angle built in 836, has a surface of 8899 feet.
 Legend St. Pissa. Used to go across the Rhine (on waves) to
 worship. Once caught at some river to support her, &
 sunk. Called on her savior & let go — safe! Her body
 4970 words Miracled. Pictures & images here. Celebrated tomb.

Ch. St. Florian 1356. Notre Dame, 1250. highest part of the town - + fountain 60 feet high. Moselle bridge is supported by 14 lofty arches, built by Dandolo. Splendid environs. Excursions up the Moselle are fine. — Opposite is Ehrenbreitstein, one of the strongest fortifications in the world, connected to Coblenz by a bridge 1185 ft. long. Stäferbrücke spoken of Goethe in "Faust & Fiction". Luther lived here at the Augustine cloister. — 360 ft. above the Rhine is this vast Rhine-Gibraltar. Whole rock fortified. Only crag & ledge strong & strengthened. It seems to have grown on the spot. Great view. — In 1632 it was taken by treachery. 1799 turned into surrender. Once a cannon here 16 ft long. 10 tons - ball 160 lbs. After peace in Paris 1816 present fortifications built. (old ones demolished after peace of Amiens.) — Had a pleasant time. But was shamed. To prevent imposition, I enquired price beforehand and was told 1 Th. But in money had to pay nothing 1 Th. - light 10 gr. - service 10 gr. - One light grey candle - on service nothing. For we blocked our own boats. ~~Concluded~~ on the whole to go Mr. H. hope of success. Appropriate morning. Mountains covered with curtain of mist, obscuring, but not binding the curly, like veil of antiquity. Cleared away at last lovely day. Voyage from Margence not much. Some pretty distant mountain scenery. But banks flat, and tame. Though fertile. Race between our boat and the (Beethoven) & Harmonium. Got beaten. Am exceedingly tired & nervous. Having left Mr. Chas at Margence. He has gone to

Strasbourg via Frankfurt. Worms the place where Luther met the Diet, and would, if it rained ed duly nine days in succession, as plenty of roof-tiles. It is a rare, venerable old town, with antique churches and edifices. One church, a grand pile has seven fine ^{Kirchentürme} towers. The scenery from W. to Heidelberg continually good, of distant mountains and forests - the (Odenwald). We reach Mannheim pleasantly in the P.M. - Clear, chilly, sunny air like New-Eng. Oct. without frosty nights - Seamus tiring. - I find I succeed more and more clearly in making myself understood, in German, though a priest at Baden would not understand me when, pointing to a steeple, I asked her if it was the Dom Kirche!

16

Arrived at Mannheim I took the cars for Heidelberg, through a delightful vale several miles in width, surrounded by lofty mountains. As fruitful as land can be. Saw some Indian corn, and it addressed me like the face of a friend. Largest dahlias and asters. Arrived at Heidelberg - lying in a narrow glen at the foot of most precipitous mountains - Most romantic and delightful situation. So very great disappointment, though I have walked thro' the city & enquired diligently, I cannot find Bro George - will look about tomorrow. Stopped at Mannheim a couple of hours, another delightful place, surrounded by finest scenery, walks &c. Rail-cars much easier than in America. 1, 2, 3, 4 - 5 o'clock. With my wife and child were here, and I had money. Could stay in Europe months, and be perfectly happy. If George don't come tomorrow - then London & home.

Aug 28. Soberly, romantic, delightful Heidelberg. - To my great surprise and delight on hearing some one at my door, I opened it, and admitted Prof. George, who has been here these two days. He has been at one of the hotels at which I enquired but the landlord did not know he was an American. Got my foot repaired, and meanwhile, with him ascended the splendid hills that surround Heidelberg, and had what then seemed to me to be the best view that ever blessed mortal eyes. The City was at our feet, in fact, almost under us, and we could look in a perpendicular direction into the very yards of the houses, four or five hundred feet below us. Just beyond was the Neckar, here narrowed and hemmed in by mountains, but as the eye followed toward its junction with the Rhine, the valley widened, until the softened vision gazed on one magnificent valley, or as we should say in America, interval, at least fifteen miles in every direction. Mannheim, and a large number of villages, the meandering Rhine and Neckar, fields, hedges, groves and gardens, filled up the picture and the magnificent mountains of France and Germany constituted the splendid frame. We wandered about through the delightful walks, and sympathizing with each other, we enjoyed ourselves very greatly. After enjoying the scenery and city, without visiting the venerable Dr. Paulus or the University, we took the cars for Friedberg, on the way to Baden, in Switzerland. Never could a country be more pict-

ful. Every inch produces. Tobacco, dear Indian corn and beans, and all that can be produced here loads the earth in richest profusion. Constantly changing, but always beautiful views of distant mountains, and the nearer fields, fill the mind with visions of plenty, and emotions of delight. All day long from Heidelberg to Friedberg it has been one single garden, uninterupted by fence or barren spots, as productive of the richest garden in America. Notice German Scythel - It open, but cows. Feminine gender in Germany all work. - Rode with and saw his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia. Arrived at Friedberg at 9 o'clock. Am now in a corner of land in Germany very near France and Switzerland, and have traveled from home above 5000 miles, and have been preserved and protected thus far, by the Giver of all life, to whom shall be given the praise.

Aug 29 Were wakened this morning by the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells and the sound of martial music. The military, (as the landlord assured me) were welcoming the Prince of Prussia to Friedberg. ^{in the black forest - romantic} The streets were full of people, and we followed the crowd to the fine cathedral. This building was commenced by Conrad III. of Zähringen, in 1122, and to tower is ⁵¹³ ~~380~~ feet high, a splendid specimen of architectural skill. It can be looked through in a thousand places. The church is mainly Gothic, though there are several orders of architecture in its composition. We heard high mass celebrated, and stood during that sub-

Black Forest
Journals with
Rhine. 85
m. long & 30
wide. Hamme
see here.

Chain of the
valley of the
Feldberg 4500
feet. Super
except from
June to Sept.
Granite. Pine
Cattle. Steam
bath, wooden
clocks - 18000

clocks annually

As the full tide of harmony from choir, and organ
and martial band filled the vast arches, pierced
and surmounted by the voice of one woman,
which like a swallow, mounted above it all, and
as the glowing light fell in a thousand lines
on pillars, and people, we were borne irresistibly away
before the mighty tide. Looked at a sculptured madon-
na and child, and could not forbear weeping at
that beautiful type of childhood and motherhood. Looked
into a window, and saw H. C. Andersen's chamber.
The first thing I read was his History of a Mother, which
is a most beautiful account of a bereaved mother affec-
tion. I mention these events, because, combined with
others, they have seemed to people a great sorrow to
me, and either there is nothing in singular in-
dication and presentiment, or there is immediate un-
happiness in store for me. Ascended the hill sur-
rounding Freiberg, and had fine view of the
city, and a clear look at the vast and gloomy
Black Forest, where were located all the ghosts of my
childhood. Hearing a band, we descended, and
listened to German music, the best in the world. Look-
ed at the Rhine, and saw the first town in Switzer-
land. The ride was fine, through vineyards and
vales, on mountain side, and through rocky tun-
nels, until here we are, glad that we have
escaped from Prussia, and that we breathe the
pure free air of the Swiss mountain home.
We are here, stopping at the "Stork", a fine hotel.
Basle has 22,000 people, and is really a beautiful
city. The Rhine, here a wide, fine stream, flows
by, and beautiful grounds, and Swiss cottages.

adorn the town. The names are more frequently French. Should have mentioned that the King and Prince of Prussia, and the nobility and principal gentry & military of Prussia were at the performance of mass and that we saw them all. Rather small looking men. So bed, to prepare for a pedestrian tour tomorrow.

Aug. 30. Basle or Bâle (Hob.) Basilea, is very pleasantly situated on the Rhine, which here is a wide fine looking stream, having a green, becoming more or blue than we have yet seen. Its water as well as those of the few tributaries we have left met are quite clear, and the water for drinking is like that in New England. — Basle extends four miles on the right side of the river. It has about 22,500 inhabitants, and much wealth and prosperity. A bridge crosses the Rhine here. It is a part of ancient Aquædunum. The sloping hills of the Jura are on one side, and the vast sombre Black forest on the other, and its locality is very pleasing. — The Cathedral or Minster on the left bank above the bridge is a fine two spired ch. of red sandstone. Consecrated in 1019, the crypt and choir are of this date. Many grotesque and some ^{exquisite} valuable and beautiful carvings etc. Erasmus who died in 1536 is buried here. — Public Library of 50,000 vols. Some of Erasmus' books here. Autographs of Luther, Melancthon, Zwingli & Erasmus. Gallery of Holbein's paintings. Holbein, house painter (leg.) Euler & Bernoulli born here. Arsenal has a suit of chain armor worn by Charles the Bold at the battle of Nancy. Some walls &c in @ fine state of preservation. Streets delightfully fresh & clean. Up to 1795 clock of Basle always 1 hour

ahead of rest of Europe. Said town once saved from
a conspiracy by clock striking 1 instead of 2. — At-
tached to clock-tower on bridge is grotesque head called
Schallens König lolly tongue & rolling its eyes, — making fa-
ces at Little Boats on the opposite side of the river. —
Old law, all ch. goss must dress in black: females
could not have hair dressed by men: — People very
pious: placed singular mottoes over doors.

"Auf Gott Ich meine Hoffnung have, In God my hope of grace ^{gone} ~~is~~ ^{your} ~~big~~
And where in der alten Sam." | I dwell within the Ancient Page.

Wacht auf die Mäucher, und that buss, | Wakes & repent your sins with grief,
Ich heis zum goldenen Rinderfuss. | In call the golden skin of Beef.
Two miles off — just on French frontier — long & v. erect a fort —
Stüringen — dismantled in 1810. — = — We are much de-
lighted with our first Swiss city. The distant scenery be-
gins to look more wild, and the peasants who
are here in great numbers (as it is market day) are
open faced, frank, wholesome looking creatures, and
the vegetables and other productions all look neat
and nice. Getting a stout pair of souls to my
boots, at half past 11 Boö & myself started
for the Alps. I left all my baggage but my note-
book and a stick, which we put in his Knaps-
ack with his, which we use to carry by turn.
Then we ~~were~~ left the city behind us, and "pulled foot"
for God's free Mountain. The air was fresh and
bracing, the peasants were moving, ~~living~~, gath-
ering vegetables &c — and a kind quiet ~~the~~ ^{the}
saluted us on every side. The faces begin to wear
a more agreeable aspect, and we feel that we
are among the finest, most virtuous and honest and
industrious in the world. The road leads along

on the right bank of the Rhine, full of vegetation, the
 increasing hills on our right, and across the river, the
 ever black, Black Forest, full of German superstition. Passing
 through little villages, by quiet homes and groups of peas-
 ants we arrived at 3 o'clock at Rheinfelden, a distance of
 10 miles, where we took dinner, which cost us 7 cents each,
 including a glass of wine! The maid who waited
 upon us, informed me that ~~she~~ her father was in
 St. Louis, that he had been gone two years, that he
 wrote two months after he left, and that they had
 not heard from him since. I did not tell her
 that the Cherokee had in all human probabili-
 ty swept him off. She enquired about American dress,
 &c. and I used my German to the best advantage.
 We had a pleasant time, and parted with regret.
 This town has 1500 people, and a bridge. On an island
 in the river is the feudal castle of Stein, destroyed in 1445
 by the army of the Swiss Confederation. I saw
 a splendid park with many groups of trees. Arrived at
 20m the little village of Stein without being much tired,
 are well satisfied with our first days' work. We went
 down to the skirts of the Black Forest and washed
 our feet in the Rhine. Had bread & milk ordered
 for supper, which the waiter boiled before giving
 it to us. Our beds were very nice, and for them and
 our supper and breakfast we paid 1, or 2 cents.
 It is very singular, that while on every hand
 I hear complaints made of the trouble and in-
 convenience experienced by foreigners at the Custom
 houses, I have never yet had my baggage ex-
 amined, and I have passed 6 or 8 different
 5128m frontiers. The fact which I take every occasion to set
 forth, is that I am an American, and a safe person.

Aug 31. Up in the morning, and refreshed, though somewhat weary from yesterday's exertions. We paid 1204 for 2 s. 2 b. + 2 b., and at 8 o'clock we were on our "winding way." The walk began to grow quite interesting. The valleys are quiet and beautiful, the hills grow more sudden and abrupt, the faces of the people are honest, and the air grows more mountain-like and bracing. Arrived at Frick - after passing through the small villages Hornussen and Effingen, and at length reached the height of Botsberg, the Mons Vocatus of the Romans, 1850 feet above the sea. Here, had the day been fair we should have had a magnificent view of the Alps - as it was we saw them, very faint and ill-defined through the haze, and their shadowy outlines gave us dim perceptions of the delights yet in store for us. In A.D. 69 the battle so fatal to the Helvetians was fought here. - The next town was Romgg or Bruck, celebrated as the possession of the Austrian House of Habsburg - but more glorious for being the birthplace of Zimmerman. It is near here that the Simmet, the Rens and the Aar, after draining a vast country unite and form the Aar, and make a great accession to the Rhine, some miles below. We have not yet ^{seen} scenes of more fertile beauty than these three vales. In a little delta of land between Aar and Rens stood the ancient Nindorena of the Romans. The wall extended 12 miles, and was their most reliable place to retain Switzerland. - We saw the amphitheatre, - Half a mile beyond is the abbey of Einsiedeln, founded in 1310 by the Empress

5128

Elisabeth, and Agnes Queen of Hungary. Convent was suppressed in 1528, - is now lunatic asylum. Albert was here assassinated. He had crossed Reuss, and was attended by John of Scharf, Balm, Walter von Eschenbach & Wart. All escaped, and people fled - He breathed his last on the bosom of a poor peasant girl. (See Mrs. Stemann - Queen Agnes ^{Queen of Hungary} caused 1000 victims to bleed in revenge, and 60 on one occasion. She said "Now I berthe in Mary-deut. She ended her days in the convent. Walls 15 feet high. Castle of Stabben, "cradle of House of Austria," built in 11 century by Bishop Werner of Strassburg, on wooded height 2 miles above Brugg. Ruins yet visible & fine. From the castle are seen the ruins of Brugg, owned by the sons of Gessler, and below it Brin, where Petalossi is buried. - 3 miles from Brugg are the baths of Schmitznach, famous - frequently 300 people. fine for cutaneous. - We walked on, and after waiting, and weary enough, with feet sore and lame legs we arrived at Baden, and took the cars for

33 m (13 days
+ 20
weeks)

Zurich. - Baden is a very famous watering place much resorted to by the Swiss. 1800 people. In a narrow defile, overlooked by an old castle, once the den of the Austrian monarchs. At Baden the treaty of peace terminating the war of Succession was consummated between Prince Eugene & Villars 1712. Germaniae Helveticae. of Romans - sacked by Coecina. Wrote 38 Roman. Once with lake. Not particularly interesting. From Baden the Limmat passes up to Lake Zurich, thro Dietikon, where, Sept. 24. 1799, Napoleon passed. Beautiful valley, surrounded by lofty hills. - A short distance beyond Dietikon we had our first fair view of the vast and glorious Alps. They loomed up white and green - summits of white

5161

Think the view of Lausanne from Sion, superior to any one, but the whole seems to impart ideas of infinity. At the "Kleine Stadt" we found a hotel, for we were too weary to walk further. —

Lausanne is very busy & prosperous & has 15000 people, on the N. end of lake, at outlet. Roman Forum. Opposite hills crowded with houses. — The great Cathedral is noted for being the scene of Zwingli's preaching, 1515-1531 where Zwingli spent last six years of his life. — Ch. St. Peter (large clock) on C. Bank had Savonarola for preacher 23 years. Sept. 26, 1799 when French captured town, he was shot near his own door, by a soldier he had just given wine & money to. Massena offered great reward for murderer, but though known to Lausanne they refused to expose him, and he lingered till Jan. 2, 1801, & died. grave in church of St. Anne. —

In town library are 3 autograph letters of Lady Jane Grey. — State Prison or Tower of Wallenberg ^{stands} at the outlet of Sion. Can see Alps of Glarus, Uri & Schaffhausen with pink glaciers at sunset. Gessner the Poet, & Gessner the naturalist born here. Ulrich Zwingli commenced his ref. here, in 1519. — In 1535 Miles Boreale printed the first entire English version of Bible in Zurich. Hammerlin, Savonarola & Pestalozzi born here. Silk & cotton manufactures. Steamboat across the lake. — And can it be that we are in wild, romantic Switzerland? — Are the scenes of Waverley so new to us? And can we look out upon the places of a more wonderful history than Pagan fiction? How eagerly we look forward to the coming week.

September 1. Up and off bright and early. Another Sacred Sabbath finds me either obliged to set among inappropriate scenes, or to force my way among the more congenial scenes of Nature. I have not since I left America had one Sunday yet. We took a little dock of a Steamboat and went down the clear calm lake to Zurich. The water was of a light green, the shores peopled and occupied with houses, and one little boat filled with clear-eyed Swiss, we went down freely. (69¢ fare) + fare both 36¢. — The steamer goes twice each day up and down the lake. — Good roads on each side of lake — The lake may be called very pretty, though not equal to Winnepesaukee. The distant Alps just peering above the hills, and Mt. Albis rising the lake give it a degree of grandeur. Its borders are full of German life, even to their altitude height. — 3000 feet. So frequent are the houses that it seems one vast village from Zurich to Rapperschwil on both sides. — The Alpine peaks seen are Dentis, Glöds & Glämsch. — Gessner wrote his idyl here. Schupbach and ode, and Zimmerman — portion of Solitude. — 26 miles long. The south is inlet, & Limmat is the outlet. The Albis reaches 12 miles. Seawater wrote a part of Physiognomy at Ober Rieden. Zimmerman practised as a physician, at Richterswil. At Rapperschwil is the longest bridge in the world. 4800 feet. — Ulrich von Mitten is buried on the isle of Aufnau, which retreat was purchased by Zwingli. He died at the age of 36. — The bridge 12 ft broad, no railing, & of loose boards. Toll for common carriage 72¢. — We disembarked at Moosgen^{9th}, and began almost immediately to ascend the road leading up over Mt. Albis. The day was very warm, and the hill steep

and crossed. We made a great many 22 some 23 and not a few Vs. But the road was beautiful, and filled with Swiss peasants wending their way into the neighboring Catholic Canton of Berne. ^{Splendid view of Zurich & Lake from hill.} We ate a hearty dinner in a lonely spot in a deep valley, and had there our first really fine view of the star-crowned, cloud-dressed Alps. Oh what a sense of Infinity, - of the greatness of God came over our minds. - Here are the works of Him who planted the mountains, whose strength is in the hills. Soon we saw the Lake of Zug, and soon after we passed the Capuchin convent and Mury. The bells were ringing, sweetly wounding together, and the whole neighborhood was alive with peasants, for the Canton is almost exclusively Catholic. In a half hour we reached Zug (1000 ft). ^{quiet} This little town is on the N.E. corner of the lake, and has 3300 people. The ~~houses~~ are well cultivated, even for Switzerland. In 1435 a part of the town gave way, and 26 houses were submerged and destroyed, & 45 human beings. The Landammann perished, and his child was found in the lake, floating in his cradle. He became Landammann himself. - The Lake of Zug is 1340 feet above the ^{1200 feet deep} sea, and is 8 miles ~~long~~ long & 3/4 wide. The scenery is quite common as we first received the lake. We succeeded in procuring the services of two boatmen, who with paddles and oars took us the length of the lake to Arth. As we went down the lake we began to behold the improving scenery. Mount Pilatus and Mt. Rigi reared their blue peaks, and soon after we saw the world renowned Mt. Rigi or Mt. Rosenberg.

27 m

The view is splendid from the Lake. One vast, chaotic pile extends as far as the eye can see. — Arth is a snug little place of 2129 inhabitants, and is like a bird's nest, snuggled down between Rigi & Rossberg-Capuchin convent. — We are now very near the spot overwhelmed by the great avalanche of 1806; we shall visit the spot tomorrow. By the way it is a little singular, that we shall see it precisely on the anniversary of its great slide. — Shall visit all. — The Swiss peasantry and their localities differ from Germany. Houses scattered everywhere — nestled like goats or more like swallow nests — seemingly inaccessible and most dangerous places. Hills almost perpendicular are dotted all over with houses, and vineyards and little gardens, and not a house hardly, which has not a show of dahlias and other flowers that would bring a gem from a Massachusetts Horticultural Exhibition. Dated at the Black Eagle.

Sept 2. While George is loading his pipe, I (on the top of Mt. Rigi) will note the preceding events of the day. At eight o'clock, precisely 44 years after the great avalanche of Mt. Rosenberg and the awful destruction of Goldau and the neighborhood, we started from Arth thro' Goldau. on our way over the finest place to view in all Switzerland. In a matter of half of an hour, we stood by the church and hamlet of Goldau, on the vast frame of the original village. Before we entered we began to see the awful wreck of matter. Great boulders and masses of pudding stone, and accumulations of earth were scattered profusely along the vale, and looking up, we saw the path down which the headlong torrent of matter made its way.

How truly has Byron spoken of this catastrophe, when he says the mountain fell in its old age, leaving a gap in the clouds, rocking its Alpine brethren, and filling the ripe green valley with destruction's splinters, crushing the waters into mist. The mountain is scarred with ruin, and the valley is filled with earth and rocks. The mountain is 4958 feet high, and the top is composed of a brittle conglomerate, which is easily undermined by rain stone called by Germans Hagelfels. The strata slope like a roof toward Goldau, the mass which destroyed Goldau was three miles long, 1000 feet broad and 100 ft. deep. It had been very rainy, and noise had been heard all the day previous, but at length whole map stated. 150,000 £. 111 houses over four hundred & fifty lives and whole herds of cattle. - A mass rushed into lake of Sarny 5 miles off, and swept a wave over island of Schwam 70 feet high. A little child found in lake, floating in its cradle. - Another fifteen hundred feet. One party of 11 just going up. Several of them lingering behind, saw a cloud of dust, heard the thunderous roar, look up, & all was over. Five hundred people were buried a hundred feet deep, and none of them have ever since been seen. See John Neill's account of a Swiss Minstrel over Goldau. - Peculiar ballets & tubs - Tyrolean warble. - Leaving Goldau, and glancing back upon the ruinous path of the avalanche, we commenced our ascent. Shepherds were singing the Tyrolean warble, the tinkling bells chimed their ceaseless music, and one after another of the eternal Alps with their snowy crowns came slowly into view. The way was tedious. About half way up we ate a roll and drank a glass of beer.

and towards the top we ate a pint of Swiss bread & milk. I shall never forget the excitement and gratification of the woman of the house when she learned that we were Americans. She fairly won my heart, and allowed us to depart with most respectful respect. We passed 15 "stations" or made paintings representing the passion of our Lord, a chapel, several houses and beggars. Cattle were plenty: these are 2000 pastured on the mountain. There is a fine hotel on the summit, and here we found a large number of winter. The air was very cold - wintry - from the neighbouring glaciers. We were glad to hurry down after our view; ^{manifestly Schyns - a chapel, & small hospice or convent.} a brighter day never shone. The sky was blue and transparent, and the clouds, just enough to hang in fitting drooping around the mountains, without obscuring their lofty peaks. The view is said in guidebooks not to be equaled in all Switzerland. The mountains occupy such relative positions, and the country is so level and beautiful in some directions, that every variety and vast extent are had in the same picture. On the north we saw at our feet four thousand feet perpendicularly beneath our feet, the little village of Aeth, and the lake of Zug; at the upper end we saw Zug, and beyond it, Lappel (through which we passed yesterday) where Zwingli fell in battle; beyond this was the Aëlis, through gaps of which we saw Lucerne and the lake, and Lake Egera, where the Swiss achieved the victory of Morgarten, and beyond all the Black Forest. — On the E. rose in sublime magnificence the Alps, stretching a continuous chain of dark or snowy ridges far above our height (5700 feet). The peaks

of Löödi, on the edge of the Grisons, the Glärnisch, and Sents, the lake of Savatz, and the town of Schurtz, (from whence the name Schürtenland) and beyond the pointed Mythen. Beyond them the glacier Glärnisch, and on the right the Mutha Gletsch famous for the battle between Sava^{re} & Massena. Almost at hand the Rossberg, with the furrow plowed by Desolation along its entire front. — On the S. the mountains of Untermalden, and the lovely lake of Lucerne, the lakes of Alpnach and Sarner. The mountains Stanserhorn and Bruchselhorn, and beyond, first of sight, a ridge of peaks and glaciers, including Jungfrau, Eiger, Finsteraarhorn, the Tittel, Engelhörner, Rothstock, & Bristerstock. — On the west are Tell's chapel, the spot where he shot Gessler and the village of Küssnacht. Beyond the lovely cantons of Lucerne, with the river Rhod, valleys uplands, villages and homes, a lovely landscape. The lake of Sempach where was fought the great battle. Lucerne, the lake of Lucerne, or four Cantons, and the lofty Pilatus, with its saw-like edge. Then the Jura, with her misty shroud. Never do I expect to gaze upon so extensive and beautiful, and sublime a panorama. It is said to be 300 miles in circumference. It is worth a voyage to Europe. After feasting our souls as long as the cold atmosphere would allow, we descended. It was a terrible road, and we thought we should never arrive. But we ate heartily, at the little village of Immensee, and then visited Tell's chapel, erected at the end of the dark lane, passing up which, Gessler was shot by Tell, after Tell escaped from his boat in Lake Lucerne. Walking along the lovely vale we entered the town of Küssnacht, at the head of

16 m the lake, where (Sept. 2.) we ate a plate of strawberries. Lived and many evenings, we are glad to seek se pose. — Could not help noticing the early twilight in these villages. Though we arrived at Alth at 5 1/2 o'clock, we thought it was sundown, and in the morning we looked for sunrise a long time after he had risen. The mountain did hide him from view. Saw two men on the mountain nursing a goat, a la kid — Went down to the lake at the close of day. Long after the sun was down we saw his rays reflected in a soft and most delicate pink on the glaciers and eternal snows of the beautiful Alps. Glimpse of Sembach, where Arnold von Winkelried — "died — Spectre of the Rhine." — more young for liberty and died.

Sept. 3 By early sunlight, on one of the purest, clearest and brightest days that ever shone, we walked over to Lucerne, the lovely town rising at the head of the finest lake in Switzerland, and probably in the world. On the way we had splendid views of the lake, the lofty mountains, the pure glaciers, glistening in the white light of early morning. The principal mountains were Alps of Engelberg and Bern. Passed the ruined castle of New Habsburg. The road was crooked, but very delightful. At length we arrived at Lucerne. This city is divided by the river Reuss, is the residence of the Papal Nuncio, is one of the three places of the Diet, and contains 7500 people all of whom but 100 are Roman Catholics. There is a Protestant service here, by voluntary contribution of visitors. It occupies a charming position between Pilatus, the finest mountain in outline I ever saw, and Rigi, and in full view are the bold and snowy summits of Schyns & Engelberg.

5171 m There is a fine wall with feudal watchtower surrounding the city. There are several very long bridges full of paintings, one of which is full of Holbein's Dance of Death. The public buildings of Lucerne merit no particular notice, though the town as a whole is remarkably beautiful. The Arsenal contains banner taken at the battle of Sempach, the coat of mail stripped from the body of Duke Leopold of Austria, the iron crown lined with sharp spikes, destined for the neck of Gundoldingen, a sword of Wm Tell, and the battle ax of Ulrich Zwingli, several Turkish standards captured at the battle of Lepanto, by a Knight of Malta, who was born in Lucerne. Fine fountains. But the finest work of art I have seen in Europe is the monument to the memory of the Swiss guards who fell at Paris Aug 10, 1792, while defending the Royal family of France. It was designed by Thorvaldsen & executed by Alton, a sculptor of Constance. It is a colossal lion, 28 feet long and 18 feet high, hewn into the face of the sandstone ledge. It is dying, and is endeavouring to defend a shield bearing the lily of the Bourbons on it. There is a spear in its side. Beneath it are the names of the soldiers who fell. There is a wonderful power of expression to the work, and it is a rare piece of art. — Mt. Pilatus is rarely without a cloud on its summit. If it is thus destitute a storm may be expected. They say "Wenn Pilatus trübt sein Herz so kann uns das Wetter gut." —

Name comes from Pilate, gov. of Judea, who banished to Gaul by Tiberius, wandered hither, and ended his

days by throwing himself from the mountain. This makes
 doubtless Gov. forbade ascent, & Conrad Gessner 1555 with dif-
 ficulty ~~obtained~~ ^{obtained} special order to ascend. These ^{is a} little lake
 made by snow melting the damp vapor of which causes
 this. — I saw ^{at Lake Thun} some (Pileatus) murex capped. — Murexites as large
 as crown piece are found near the top. — After looking
 fairly at the lovely city and its attractions we entered
 a lovely little steamer, full of anticipation, to go
 down the lake. We were not disappointed. From
 the beginning to the end of the 30 miles it was
 a scene of increasing grandeur. The Lake of In-
 cerne is here known as the Vier Waldstädter See, or Lake
 of the Four Cantons, because the Cantons Uri, Schwyz,
 Unterwalden and Lucerne are bounded by it. The great
 number of mountain gorges and notches causes many
 counter currents of air to prevail, which frequently &
 suddenly visit the lake with awful fury, making it
 more dangerous when the means of navigation are
 considered than the ocean. While traveling this morn-
 ing we saw trees twisted off and torn up by the
 roots for miles along the road. — Its sublime
 scenery receives interest from the fact that here
 the Political Savior of Switzerland, William Tell
 lived and wrought here. — It is 1300 feet above the
 sea, — somewhat resembles a cross in shape, has four bays
 of Lucerne, Alpnach, Uri, & Küssnacht, & Brugg, is 800
 feet deep in places and from 2 to 6 miles wide. — We
 commenced by leaving Lucerne and passing toward
 the peaks and glaciers before us. After miles came
 up to behold the mountains so much better
 advantage. and looking on either hand
 to see the bays of Küssnacht & Alpnach. Here the Papi-

is seen finely green and verdant, covered with flocks and herds, while Italy opposite dark and gloomy seems in desolate contrast. - Ahead we saw ~~two~~ what seemed a mountain barrier to our progress, but approaching we saw two promontories, called the noses, which, opening, ushered us into a fine area. Immediately on entering they seemed to close behind us, and before us we saw rising the Domochsen and Stanserhorn. Here appeared the village of Gersau, an anomaly in Political history. Its territory consists of a strip of land on the side of a steep mountain, 3 miles by 2, and it contains 1350 people, living in 175 houses, 88 of which are in the village, and yet this was an independent republic 400 years. It looks fearful to see it at the foot and on the sides of a mountain (the Righi) so steep that it seems as though each moment might bring down an avalanche. They are happy and virtuous - They bought their freedom from a state of vassalage in 1390. In 1798 they united with Schaffhausen. Gersau has a gallows yet standing, but never an execution. It is entirely secluded. Three were paths to the village. War can never strike it. - Leaving this, we see the two sugar loaf peaks the Mithel, and at their feet Schaffhausen, the heart of Helvetia, and just below, Dommen. Here is a fine view of the two longest reaches of the lake. Leaving this, appeared the grandest feature of all. We entered the Bay of Uri, and I can only say that we were in a perfect wilderness of mountains. They rose around us, and hemmed us in on every side. They were steep, abrupt, ragged.

craggy, vast, awful, - some dark some grey, some blue, some white, some bare and bald in the thin air, and other covered with glittering ice and eternal snows. Never was I so overwhelmed with awe and a sense of sublimity. I can well believe what tourists say. There can be nothing finer in the world. And yet, among these awful passes, Leander pursued Suwarow in 1799, in the night by torchlight, as he had no boats. - So fearfully does our seek a victim. - Here appears what Sir James Macintosh says exceeds all scenes on earth - the Bay of Uri. - About half way down the bay, appears Grütli or Rütli, the place where Werner Stauffacher, of Steiner, in Schuytz, Ernst An der Halde, of Melchtal, in Unterwalden, and Walter Fürst of Attinghausen, in Uri, the 3 founders of Swiss freedom met to consult on means for liberating Switzerland from Austrian oppression. In 1307. - There are three springs of living water gushing out where they are said to have stood. - There was a white space ^{of Fodmaelstock} upon the ledge, apparently a few feet wide, and yet by measurement it is found to be 1200 feet wide. When it fell, it raised a wave that carried off 5 houses and drowned 11 people in the village of Sarnigen 1 mile off, and made a swell noticed at Lucerne, 20 miles. - We next came to a little shelf of rock on which we saw a small open chapel. This is the spot where Tell sprang out of the boat in which Gessler was carrying him to the prison at Rorschach. The chapel was erected in 1388, only 31 years after Tell's death, in the presence of 114 persons who had known him. The unimaginable sublimity of the scenes accord well with the

37

colossal associations that people its mighty retreats. When Liberty forsakes the rest of Europe, she may safely fly hither. . . . We landed at Tümlen, a small port on the lake, and in a sort of white mountain notch, pushed our way to Altdorf. Here we tarried for the night. It was in Altdorf that Tell shot the apple from the head of his son. A statue ^{on a mountain} marks the spot where he stood, and another fountain where his child was placed. The lime tree to which the child was placed stood till 1567. - Altdorf was burned to ashes in 1799 by the French. - Never shall I believe that mountains are healthy. More or less cases of goitred necks have I seen all through Ger. & Switz. but here, in this most mountainous of all the goitred and cretins are absolutely frightful in number and appearance. You see the poor miser-
^{first noticed 1650, by Beale, in Valais. since age & Switz. to Chinese & Turkey.}
^{has been seen in snow water. - also elsewhere with few - streams - water clear. - cause dense, dark timber.}
^{valleys - poor food -}
 The pass of St. Gotthard which we have now com-
 menced was formerly the one most used between Germany and Genoa and other parts of Italy. 16000 travellers and 9000 horses are said to have traversed it annually, but being a simple bridle path, it was abandoned after the construction of the road over the Simplon & St. Bernardin. In 1820 a better work was commenced, and in 1832 finished, Wm. (very poor) contributed largely, and now the road is said to be of convenience, while it is as grand as any of the passes. All along this wild country, only passed by goats, chamois, hunters and a few adventurous travelers, through the year 1799, armies manoeuvred -
 52000 men were met fought. The Austrians and Swiss in June

Gessler built, and which roused the ire of the Swiss. Then came Amsteg, at the mouth of Madenau Gorge, a vale with a mountain torrent, and glaciers of a fine character. Mt. Dodi. (11000 feet high,) rises up almost perpendicular above the village. Here we crossed the Reuss, and began to ascend, looking on our left hand to the awful crags of the Brüttenstock, while the river, perfectly white, dashed headlong on our right. We passed a deep dark chasm, looking down upon the river, called Pfaffenbrunn, said to have been leaped by a priest with a maiden in his arms, - whence the name. — A short distance brought us to Wesen, a village singularly placed on a lofty flat at the base of much loftier mountains. Here another dish of most excellent bread and milk formed our dinner. From this place our road was past all description. The vale grew narrower, the mountains ever higher and more craggy, the road steeper, going in zigzag terraces, in mere side paths cut on the rock, frequently overhanging awful gorges, while the still more awful mountains, and sent crags over our heads, made us fairly dizzy to look at their cloud mantled summits, and seemed to threaten us with instant destruction for our temerity in entering their retreats. Desolate, gloomy, chaotic, they surpass all description. The hoarse roar of the stream which is white for twenty miles in succession is the only sound which warms the echoes of this solitary place. The valley of Schöllenen is said by travellers to have no superior in its features of desolate grandeur. Impending cliffs, craggy peaks, ledges, gorges, and cones of granite, with scarcely no vegetation, and here and there a white mountain torrent from the melting

snow and glaciers, rushing down white three five and six thousands feet. over our heads, over rocks that seem only to want a few weight to precipitate them with irresistible force - now much more fully than ever before did I see the meaning of Goethe's line, in Mignon's song:

"Down falls the rock, and over it the flood!"
 Sunlight gathered here at four o'clock, and though the sun had all day been overpoweringly hot, the dam spray from the stream, the darkness caused by the overhanging cliffs, and above all the sharp biting wind from the everlasting snow obliged us to hurry through this alpine pass. Never do I expect to realize again such emotions of grandeur. I felt, as a physical being, most weak and feeble, - and yet, looking upon avalanches and floods, torrents, cliffs and mountains I could not help rising with Trichte, and exulting in my superiority say with him.
 "Do you boast - I am greater, mightier than you all, - for ye perish, but I am immortal!" The notch in the White Hills is fine, but the Pass of St. Gotthard is very far beyond it - Saw a huge boulder near the road, called the Senfelstein, said to have been dropped by his Satanic Majesty. It was about as large as "Belgrade Meeting House." There are frequent avalanches here, and one cannot pass without an impulse to hurry on. The road through the first part of this defile is a rare specimen of human skill and effort. The most desperate spot ~~was~~ ^{is} at the Devil's bridge, where the Rens leaps into an awful abyss. The mountain rocks rise thousands of feet on each side, and from terrace to terrace on each side a bridge has been thrown, which it makes so dizzy

to look from. The first bridge was built in 1118 by Abbot Gerald of Einsiedeln. It was blown up in 1799 in a battle - Suranar and the French fought all along this dark defile, and stood where it would seem that only goats' and chamois' feet would hold. I have never before realized the wonderful fear and courage of St. Bernard, Suranar and other warriors before. Had they but brought their same force, expense and industry to bear on any good enterprise, they would have helped the world. And all their campaigns were before this road was constructed. On little green shelves, are perched cots, and we see goats and cows, or perhaps men or women gleaning the coarse and scanty grass, where a slide of snow, or the loosening of a rock brings instant death. Generally on ridges, where the snow has a tendency to hide from them —. The rocks that around the lakes were of conglomerate, are here granite or gneiss. The strata are horizontal, perpendicular, and at all slopes and curved, showing that some awful convulsions preceded the present condition of things, while the rock stream well tells how frequently the avalanches startle the vale, and dash its foam into mist and spray. After leaving the Devil's bridge, we entered the hole of Uri, a tunnel bored through the solid heart of the mountain rock 680 ft in length, and 15 by 16 feet broad. It was built in 1707, before which time, the passenger was obliged to pass around the rock, hanging over the abyss on a shelf of boards. — Those who built the Devil's bridge, were suspended from the top of the mountain by ropes. — From the cave of Uri we suddenly emerged into what seemed the greenest and loveliest vale in the world, through which

we came to look we saw that it had not a tree in sight, except a single patch of evergreens on a mountain side above it. Only the plain was perfectly level, and covered with grass in fine contrast to the barren sterility we had left. Even the corn, as well as the other articles of food are brought from warmer places, as the vale of Urseren, in which is Andermatt, is 43

25m 56 feet above the sea. Since the going down of the sun the temperature has seemed like that of winter. — It was evidently a lake, and having forced a passage, it passed down the gorge we have traversed for nearly 30 miles. The rocks show that water has worn them well. No passage was known to exist previous to the 14 century, and the people spoke the language of, and were considered Grisons. — The appearance of this river may be imagined when it is remembered, that with out any considerable cascade, it falls 2500 feet between Andermatt and Flühlen (25 miles) and 2000 feet between Andermatt and the top of the mountain (4 miles). In fact it is almost uninterruptedly white for over 30 miles of its way, while most of its tributaries fall perpendicularly or nearly so, all the way from one hundred to 5000 feet. — Andermatt has 600 people. It is the chief place in this cold and lofty vale. It is celebrated for its honey, cheese, and the trout of the Oberalp sea. The people get their living by transporting goods. There is here a singular old church built by the Lombards. The houses are of stone. We stop at the three Rings where we pay a franc each for our lodging + 30 c for a mutton chop, coffee, bread & honey etc. Tomorrow we shall ascend the St. Gotthard if the weather permits. There are many travelers here.

We do not feel our walk at all, to night. We are just getting nicely hardened. — There is a fine glacier on a mount back of the village, but we shall not see it, as we expect Friday to see the celebrated Rhone glacier. — So far as the ground, the aspect, the terrible in nature is concerned, to day has surpassed all I ever saw before. If the Rhine was frozen, and Lake Lucerne Comparative, the "Pass" is superlative. Its leading features — its impressions are ineffacably daguerrestyped on my mind. Alps piled on Alps is no over strained use of words. It is true that while torrents roused into foam to streak their sides and lash their feet, the passing cloud if not below is not above their summits. Frequently it folds its drapery around their gray breast, while their snowy or bald rocky summits pierce the blue air, bathed in eternal sunshine.

Sept. 5. Slept all night — woke before day, and got up to see the long train of women with their high tubs strapped to their backs, going pattering in their wooden shoes up the mountain after milk, cheese curds &c. — The curds are made in the mountains, are brought down and mingled with blue Tawny ground fine, and sold. They are celebrated, but unpalatable to me. — Cold, disagreeable fog. — Retained to Hospenthal, (12 miles) to breakfast. Ate bread and butter and milk. Hospenthal has a nice little hotel, and once had a hospice. There is an ancient square tower back of the village, the work of the Lombards. Many mines here, as well as at Andermatt for sale. Saw the two circular stone pillars built of small rough stones. The remnants of the ancient Gallows used when the wale away a knave, &

Andermatt capital. Advised not to attempt the mountain, as the morning was very foggy. But as there were some breaks we concluded to go. We had an excellent road, as it is the highway to Italy. It wound by terraces and zigzag courses up through barren fields and rocky crags in the valley of the Rhod. There seem to be thousands of goats gleaming the course and scanty goats, and here and there a good looking cow, small for milk, but large as beef. I noticed nearly all the way at this late season the yellow & the white or Alpine, (a strange variety) violet, and the dandelion. With one or two exceptions these and the coarsest grass constituted the only vegetation in this cold and desolate wilderness. The weather constantly grew colder, clouds gathered around us, the wind swept like winter down the rugged valley, and all seemed dreary and desolate. After climbing about six miles we came to perpetual snow, filling all the hollows, and, doubtless producing much of the cold. At length we reached the great basin which forms the top, which is again surrounded by the cold white glaciers of the other alps, 10,000 feet high, & inaccessible. Here within a few miles rise the Rhine, the Rhone, the Rhod and Ticino. A black lake formed by the melting snow and ice. At the mountain top, the head of the rapid Rhod. This lake is 6808 feet above the sea. We made snow balls of snow lying in the road. The Langgange names, pictured at the hotel &c - are all Italian, and but for the higher Alps, we could have looked off upon sunny Italy. This great basin, flanked by barren mountains, is a complete picture of sterility.

and desolation. Went up and returned in four hours. Dined at the hotel, and started in a little crooked mule path for the remainder of our journey. It is particularly interesting as far as Realp, where Dr. G. concluded best to stop for the night. This is a little village with a hotel formerly kept by some Capuchin monks. We turned at a neat inn called the Alpine House. — The hospice on the top of St. Gotthard is a large mansion erected by the Canton Lucerne, and is used as an inn. Food and beds can be procured. We drank some Italian Wine, which like the very newest & sweetest of cider. Abbot Disentis erected a chapel and and retired here in the 13th Century. A larger one was built in the 17th century. It was swept away by an avalanche in 1775, and another was built which was destroyed by the French in 1799, and taken for fuel. The few remains have a desolate air. This must be an awful place in winter, and we were indeed told that several persons are killed here every year by storms and slides. From this place the St. Gotthard ^{pass} rapidly descends into Italy. This whole region abounds in the very finest minerals. — We are still in the valley of Uri. Alpine existence is certainly most horrible. The houses are loose stones, the clothing mere rags, the food coarse bread and goats milk, and goitre and cretinism are seen in a great proportion of the people. The houses are on mere shelves of rock, unprotected by trees, and snow or earth, or rocks falling from the mountains, and overwhelming the people. The summer is a few weeks, filled with cold fog and wind, and like a wretched house. This of course is the extreme mountain hamlet

tively destroyed a few years ago. The people are very
 wretched. In rough rocky pastures, on the verge of ter-
 rible, yawning chasms, over snow and ice and streams,
 with no vegetation but stunted Alpine reeds and the
 coarsest grass we pursued our road, overhanging by rough
 abrupt crags and icy peaks, from which one, two and
 three thousand feet above us came down hundreds
 of streams in white perpendicular torrents. Many of the
 cañons exceeded all I have ever imagined of
 desolation. It seemed Chaos itself. — We saw not one
 real habitation from Realp to Furka^(9m) only a few
 stone huts inhabited by shepherds in the summer. Then
 but one house. No other till we reached the Rhone
 glacier, ^(5m) then but one, — no other till Hospitz, (5m) and
 then but one, and none to Ganderak, (6m) and then one, and
 30m more to Guttlingen (5m). This 30 miles, over the worst path
 I ever saw, sometimes for miles up hills so steep that
 we must hold on, where I must have surely
 precipitated us thousands of feet, we walked, and, at
 night were fresh & vigorous. The view from the top of the
 Furka is icy, raw — comprising the Finter Aarhorn, the
 Schreckhorn, Jungfrau and others of the Bernese Alps. The
 same view, perhaps better, is seen further on, (8300)
 feet above the sea.) The top is never free from ice.
 and snow, and we crossed fields, and saw
 miles of it. Here is the boundary between the Valais
 and the Canton. — One of us saw a marmot —
 The Rhone glacier is the most wonderful and
 magnificent object we have yet seen. This icy
 lake several miles square fills a large valley and
 covers a mountain side. In it are seen every
 5285m and crevices fifty feet deep, while it is heaped

into waves N like the stormy Atlantic. Rocks and earth, precipitated by avalanches are mingled with the snow and ice, which must be several hundred feet deep. Here Desolation holds her icy reign summer and winter. The mighty Rhone here begins its course, passing from the Fank glacier (which we saw) and running under the Rhone glacier, gaining accessions from other glaciers and snow and springs, until it pours its floods down into the vale and waters the fields of central Europe. Above the glacier rises the Gallenstock, while the ~~cave~~ iceberg is 5400 ft above the sea. — We passed the Lake of the Dead at the summit of the Grimsel, a black tarn into which are thrown, it is said, the bodies of those who perish in the pass. From the Grimsel (separated from the Fanka by a huge valley utterly void of vegetation) to the village of Guttanen, is the wildest we have yet seen. Nothing can exceed it. The valleys seem to exclude daylight; mist from the torrents fills the air; the ragged crags reach the highest clouds, and below seem to deepen and yaw the abysses of that place —

"the roused ocean of deep hell."

Thus we certainly saw at Stander, at the falls of the Aar those coarse uniformly white we had been following from the summit of Grimsel. The height of this fall is as great as that of Niagara, (about 150 feet) and it is said to be the finest in Switzerland. The river is not large, but it plunges headlong in the midst of the wildest scenery, and about forty feet down, it is met by another fall, from a branch nearly as large, and unitedly they pour their terrible floods into the dread abyss, and

file the surrounding solitude with the solemn
disposition. The reared waves boil and hiss in ab-
solute voids, and in their rage seem to leap
out of the smooth and water-carved caverns in which
they will not rest, but sweep onward to new, but
lesser whirlpools and cataracts. The river rises in
the Aar glacier, about a mile from this place. There
were smooth rocks, rounding off the edge of the
precipice, where a false step or a slip, — and
ragged cliffs hundreds of feet below would tear the
body into fragments. — The Hospitz was a
large building, food excellent, and prices low. It
lies in a rocky basin, and though it is ^{really} at the
summit of the Alps (6000 feet above the sea,) there are
icy and rocky peaks in every direction above it
and black farns around it. Grass, of the poorest
kind grows about 2 months in the year, but all
the food must be brought from better climes. In
22, 1838 it was overwhelmed by an avalanche which
broke every room up but one occupied by the
servant (who alone remains through the winter,) but
it can now entertain travelers well. — In 1799
the Austrians encamped on the top of Grimsel, and
gilted the house for fuel. The French could not
dislodge them till a peasant communicated a
way (over the St. Gothard) to fall on their rear. A
pursuit seized them, and they fled to the Aar glacier,
where some were shot and the rest perished in the
awful chasms of the glacier. Remains are yet found.
It was agreed that the mount should be given
to the peasant, but he never received it. It has since
been called for him — Mägeli's Gättli. — The Aar

glaciers are remarkably smooth & fine. The Unter Aar is 18 by 3 miles, and may be ridden on by horse. — The summit of the Grindel is 7016 feet above the sea. A bridge is suspended over the falls of the Aar, but five or six feet above them. — Arrived at Guttannen, we were perfectly delighted at seeing a few patches of green vegetation, for we have traveled three days, and above 60 miles, and have scarcely seen a garden spot, or a green field. — The hotel of the Gosty is 6000 feet above the sea. — Out of the glaciers, and above the mountain we shined other and loftier crags are seen. But as they are difficult of ascension, and afford no advantage save the mere thought of climbing them — we forebore. — We could not avoid thinking how appropriate a place Byron chose for the grandest of his flights of his muse. There was a close affinity between the crags and shadows and desolation and gloom of the mountain we looked on, and the strange darkness of his genius and spirit. ^{They are sadder and darker, because seen through the magic eyes of his poetry.} — How could we wonder at the dark traditions of demons and ghosts that have here been located. Beesfe and my must be the spirit that ~~can~~ can walk these dark defile, and feel no gloom should like and cold wafting it in its icy mantle. — Every house we have seen has been full of the finest specimens of Minerals. Crystals of great beauty and variety, especially. Ate cherries today.

Sept. 7. Started at eight this morning for Grindelwald. Concluded to take a new and very wild and un-frequented road to the south of Meringers. All four of us were in excellent spirit, and found that 30 miles do not hurt us. Our road for some distance

led downwards, and always through ravines and between the same overhanging cliffs as before. Limestone instead of Granite was the principal rock. A few patches of green, and occasionally a pretty valley. Two or three sunny little villages were seen and at length we ascended a very steep hill by Kirchet, and looked down on Meyringen and the lovely valley of the Aar. There have been baths at M. but they are now deserted for those on the opposite side of the river, the baths of Reichenbach, really fine baths. — Meyringen, in the vale of Basle, is in a very picturesque and lovely situation. From the hill the view is quite Italian. The valley itself, 3 miles broad, is surrounded by lofty mountains, down which fall rocks torrents without number, through the rift in the well wooded surface, while tops always snow summit the whole. It is much exposed to inundations and avalanches. and has a stone dike 1000 feet long to guard against water. Principal cause is Alpbach, a stream rising in lias marble. It is so soft, it dissolves and makes a thick paste which will bear up rocks. It collects, until body is so great it rushes down, and fills & covers everything with mud. In 1762 M. was buried 20 feet in this stuff. The church had 18 feet of mud and gravel in it. Fields and gardens yet covered with it. — At the fall of A. M. is a triple bar or viad. — Cattle of Retti back of it. — Men of this vale are very athletic. Have Zwingfeste or wrestling matches each year, with men of Unterwalden. At Sunday of Sept. with those of Grindelwald. Women are prettiest in Switzerland. — Costume is black velvet

bodice, which reaches to the throat, white starched sleeves, yellow petticoat, round black hat on one side of the head, and hair down the back. — The stream of Reichenbach is very steep and rapid. It falls 2000 feet in a mile or two, forming many fine cataracts. One torrent we saw falling from the very top of a lofty mountain cliff, and immediately breaking into spray it descended in that manner to the earth. Here did I see a road with so many ups and downs. Worse than life. — We at length approached the glacier and hotel of Rosenlaui, where we dined. Plenty of mineral water (Sulph. M. A. Seew.) —. Then we commenced the ascent of the Great Scherdeck. Very hard road, but not hard gone but a short distance before we were well paid, in the best mountain view yet. Splendid glaciers, snow peaks and mountain cliffs stood in their stern array before us. The Engler, Schreckhorn, ^{Wetterhorn} and Mettenberg were prominent. The view from the top of the Scherdeck ~~was not~~ (6711 ft) was still better. Here was a man who sang through a wooden pipe and fired a cannon, producing a wonderful echo. But the best of all was, we saw three distinct echoes, one of which was really sublime. We heard a low rumble now like distant thunder. It grew louder and seemingly nearer, and looking up, we saw a slide of snow at least a hundred feet wide, consisting of thousands on thousands of tons. The white cascade was splendid, the sound terrible, and the reflection that we were beholding one of those magnificent scenes of nature, filled us with unutterable emotion. The Wetterhorn seemed almost to project over our heads. It is

one vast, ragged mountain of limestone. There are four principal causes pursued by the Wetterhorn's avalanches. The Wetterhorn and Angelhörner were over Rosenlani. —

33 m Descending the Scherdeck we saw the two glaciers which make down into the valley — each several miles square, and hundreds of feet deep. — They are pressed down below perpetual snow by the winter, and so vast are they, that an entire summer seems to have little or no influence upon them. They are parts of the great sea (Eissee) mentioned hereafter, and are only 3200 feet above the sea. Indeed the village is above a part of these immense fields. It can be walked on, though dangerous. In 1821 a vevery clergyman was lost in a crevice. After 12 days of search a guide went down with a torch, and after going (by a rope) 700 feet down, he found the mangled body. (Legend of Martin Brück.) The climate is cold and damp. 7000 cattle are kept on the mountain Scherdeck. — (Bussels mountain.) Grindelwald village is 3250 feet above the sea. I saw today cherries not quite ripe, and potatoes both and in flower — other ripe. — Barrels. Deygus. Swiss morals etc! — Our chamber looks down upon the base of the great glacier of Grindelwald, while its shining peaks is far above us. Trees and green grass and flowers grow on the very verge of the snow. I made me some tea — Forest of fir on edge of glacier. — Wetterhorn (8100 ft) on the left. — Glacier of Schvartwald seen just to day. Rosenlani glacier celebrated for its perfect whiteness and purity. — Saw the name of "Robert Montgomery Ecclesastique et Poëte" and two lines of rhyme in the Album here. — Several of the English nobility are at this hotel. It is a perfect specimen of a Swiss cot.

tage - houses with projecting roofs, and rocks on them. Feel as fresh after walking 33 miles today, as I often have in walking five. Have now walked 110 miles in four days. — Sweetmils. B. & H. —

Sept. 8. Our companions this morning hired a guide to carry their luggage, but Porro, George and myself found no difficulty in carrying our little Knapsack. At sunrise the air was ~~also~~ clear as ever wafted the earth, and mountains, glaciers and snow seemed to be but a few yards from us. In all our journeying among the Alps we have not had an hour of unpleasant weather, when in the neighborhood of any scene. — As we left Grindelwald, we immediately began the ascent of the Wengern Alp, or Sefer Scheideck. The road was steep and very difficult. The Wetterhorn with its usual mantle of cloud was behind us, the Faulhorn on our right, and on our left the low glacier of Grindelwald, ^{the higher mountains}. We had some of the nicest strawberries and cream I ever ate, and they grew in little Alpine hollows above the line of perpetual snow. In two or three places were men with rude cannon and alpine horns, producing very fine echoes. In some instances the echo was very long, and in one, a dozen instruments seemed replying in the distance at once, with tones most aerial. I don't think them superior to that at Fabyans. Soon we came in sight of that vast and most magnificent chain of peaks, which cannot be surpassed in Europe, and which Porro so much preferred as to locate his best scenes, — containing the Jungfrau, 13,748 feet high, the Silberhorn, glittering minarets of the same, the Moirich, 13,524 feet, Eiger, 13,050 feet,

Schreckhorn 13,470 feet, Finster Aarhorn 14,070 feet. These peaks have every variety of form and outline, but at their summits are covered with snow, particularly the Jungfrau, and to two points the Silver horns, which are pure and clean as a drift in February. Upon and between these mountains from the Jungfrau to the Grindel and from Grindelwald to Brieg, is one vast continuous glacier of 115 miles square, and perhaps in places thousands of feet deep. It is one sixth of the glaciers of Europe. We saw two avalanches, and one was superior to the best of yesterday. It was on the side of the Jungfrau where Byron says he heard one every five minutes. Although we were 6280 feet high, the mountains around us were twice as high. But the view surpassed all the mountain scenery we have seen, put together. But they were utterly inaccessible. Silver horns, because silver white peaks; Jungfrau, from virgin purity of snow; Schreckhorn, peak of terror; Wetterhorn, Peak of tempests; Finster Aarhorn, dark peak &c. Warped & located, and must have been composed in view of this scenery. See Swiss Journal & Poem. The beautiful Jungfrau seemed but a stronghold, though probably it was six or eight miles. We should have thought a cat might have been distinguished, whereas, an avalanche that filled all the mountains with awful thunder, looked like fire poured out of a shovel. We thought we should never tire of gazing at the peaks and walls, and nunasets and walls of white snow and glittering ice, and dark gray ice rock. — Then came the edge of the precipice from which we looked down into the valley of Saentemmen (nothing but fountain.) We seemed to

leaving over the valley, and to be able with one vigorous spring to jump two thousand feet into the heart of the village. The ascent was by the most tedious and difficult zigzag path we have yet seen. It was as nearly perpendicular as was possible, and I do not think a man could walk down in it, did it go straight. It more than paid (we then thought,) for the unrivalled view we had of the magnificent Bernese Alps. We walked 18 miles in 5 hours over this awful road, while Mournay says it occupies at least 7. It ought to take 8. We found beggars in plenty, and amused ourselves greatly when we saw one, by going to him first, and asking him or her for a butzer. The question so confounded them that we escaped before they recovered from their surprise. Got on Por. G. --- Passed the family of Lord Edesboro, - plain and warlike. Alpine Grotto. There is a nearer road to S - by the high road, but no prospect. - The valley of Saubermun is a wild dark valley, with a pretty village. It has very lofty ledges ~~is~~ in full sight of glaciers and is in all respects an Alpine valley. It has however one peculiarity. From which is derived its name. It is nothing but fountains, and these are peculiar. From almost every ledge, high in air, a snow white torrent pours off from the top of the mountain, and thus streams of snowwhite water, break the ledges a thousand feet high. The best of all is the Staubbach, or dust-stream. It is the highest waterfall in Europe. The water pours from the top of the ledge 900 feet above the valley, and so large is the stream, and so great is the force, that it falls over, as Byron happily says, like the tail of a white horse (Mausel.)

About a hundred feet, and it becomes fine spray, and continues to fall say 400 in this form, when it is gathered by a projection in the ledge, and descend not quite perpendicularly. At certain times in the day a beautiful sun bow is seen. When the clouds run low, and cover the mountain tops, the Stubbach seems to come from the clouds. It is said to be very fine in Winter. The Schmadribach is said to be very beautiful on a clear view. — In this vale the sun does not shine in summer till 7, and in winter till 12 o'clock M. — There are 30 falls above the village hanging from the edges of the precipice. It is a wild and romantic valley. — We followed the

25 m ~~road~~ descending road to Interlaken, on foot, as usual, very glad to look up green grass and grain, and trees once more. The mountains (as the Jungfrau & Wetterhorn) looked better from a distance, and we soon arrived at our place of destination. All the way were horrible cases of goitre and cretinism. — At length we saw the square ruin of Unspunnen, the castle where "Marpes" is located, and soon after we entered the beautiful, and very un-^{un-} Swiss village of Interlaken. Here we took a warm bath, and — "Zimmer mit zwei Betten" at the Interlaken Hotel.

We have seen the Alps and their awful grandeur can never be erased from our minds, but so well do I love my good mother earth, in her lovelier aspects, that I am heartily glad the Alps are a memory, and not a reality. I can always exult in their grandeur, — can I have a better idea of the Creator's might, — ~~but~~ ^{and} I can thank him that he has placed my line in pleasant places. —

Sept. 9. By the light of this morning Interlaken presents really a beautiful appearance. It is not Swiss, but seems like a really beautiful New England village. We slept till nearly 9, and then endeavored to take the 11 o'clock boat, but were forced, after walking about 2 miles to hire a row-boat down the lovely Lake of Thun, ten miles. The people of Interlaken are largely English. — At Kandersteg we entered a gondola and rowed down the Lake. Thun Lake is not equal to Zurich, but is a very romantic body of water. The South Side is very striking, and though the north is very bold, it is not much picturesque. The rose is a fine promontory of rock, and the lake opposite is 720 feet deep. In the face of the rock is a fine fall like that of Staubbach, and above it is a cave called the Cave of St. Beatrix. St. B. was an Englishman, & converted the Helvetians to C. He selected this as his place, but it was inhabited by a dragon. So great was the power of the St., that a word was enough to drive him away. He used to sail across the lake on his cloud. The clouds rose suddenly, and noise was heard like cannon. There was fine view of Eiger, Mönch, Jungfrau & Aarhorn. Opposite, at the foot of Mt. Niesen is Spiez, a castle, said to have been founded by Attila. The Stodhorn & Niesen present a fine appearance. The river Stander was conducted into the lake in 1714 by an artificial canal. Since then several hundred acres of land have made around the mouth. Syll has reported on the subject. — The shores are both picturesque having vales, gardens, mountains, rocks and pretty villages. — Thun we found to be very handsome. Splendid chateaux, houses, gardens and foliage, indicate the taste of the people. It occupies a very

lovely position on the Aar, whose fruitful valley is sun-
 dered by a fence of cattle 700 years old. The Bernese are
 in full view, the lake, the Aar and its valley. Our
 walk from thence was fine, over a splendid chesee, the
 fields green & beautiful, among meadows and flocks &
 herds. - When about ten miles off we suddenly turned,
 and oh, what a sight! Never did I, never do I ex-
 pect to see the like. The Alps we before us twenty or
 thirty miles distant, and the sunset clouds were as
 we thought concealing their summits, - but as we
 looked upon them we thought we saw silvery white
 clouds among the soft, rising away up in the mid-
 heavens. As we continued to look, we thought their
 outline a little harder than vapor, and a slight flush
 of pink revealed their true character. Here, over
 the ^{mountain} summits and glaciers of the Bernese Alps, draped
 with clouds and so tinged with the sunset that they
 seemed twice as high as usual, scaling the very
 skies. The effect was singular, and sublime. Took
 a room at a country Gasthof in Almen-dy, where we
 found excellent accommodation. - I sat writing when
 "suddenly I heard a tapping" on the window be-
 hind me, and looking out, there was a queer
 enough, a la Pol, on the window sill, tap-
 ping, tapping, - but he couldn't come in, either
 at the window, or my breast. I'll have nothing
 to do with such "mischievous, mischievous body of
 yours", but I contented myself with knocking back
 again, and when I went to bed he was roost-
 ing with his ugly head between his shoulders (I wonder
 if birds have shoulders!) "Squat like a toad."

Sept 10

As usual, up and on. A splendid Indian summer morning, and day. Had such a sunrise view, and it improved with every step, until at sunset it surpassed all I ever saw. In all their proportions, white, clear and with they loomed up above the clouds (presenting in the sunset light a picture indescribable, magnificent and beyond description gorgeous). — We continued to walk up the valley of the Aar, looking at its beautiful scenery, observing the singular customs and manners of the people, occasionally speaking with the farmers on the difference between their implements of industry and those of our own land, until we arrived at Berne. (6 m.) This beautiful city we beheld with great delight. The chaussees leading into it are splendid and the city occupies a most notable position. It contains 22,800 inhabitants, and is built of massive sandstone. The houses are in fine style, and most of them have fine arcades in which the vendors keep their wares. A fine bridge from Shun. Fine fountains and hills of water. Effigies of bears on corn. cases, fountains, signs &c. Bern in Swabian, means bear. At Aarberg gate is Bärengraben where bears are kept. Berchtold slew a bear on site of Bern on the day the foundations were laid. 1700 Old Lady died, & left them 60,000 livres. French Revolution, — army in 1798 loaded 11 mules with their fortune, 70 000 000 francs. Now 700 francs per annum devoted to their maintenance. Martin in the Jardin des Rant was one. — Clock tower, — one the Zeitglockenthurm, built in 1491 by Berchtold V of Züringen. 1 minute before clock strikes wooden cock crows twice, & puffs his wings, — a puppet strikes the hour on a bell, — a procession of bears passes

Canton B.
3667 sq. m
338000 inhab
40000 Caths +
250,000 Calvinists
City enclosed
12th century
by Limn on
Disenteng —
free city in
1218. Beseized
in 1288 by Ro-
dolfs of Swab-
burg. in 1291
was by citizens
against own
nobility. All
who suffered
oppression by
Austrian nobility
fled to it
for protection
June 21, 1339,
Austrians tried
to destroy — but
defeated & city
was
not then built, but became
type com-
me & great
commercial
riches & for
tliest valley
in Switzerland — first
fruit, then
pastures, then
glaciers. live
wooden & cattle

Waterfall
108 feet
beautiful

out, before a King, who gaped and moved his sceptre ac-
 cording to the words. — Splendid view of Alps. —
 Can see Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Eiger, Mönch
 Jungfrau, Gletscherhorn, Mittaghorn, Blümlisalp, Kiesen,
 & Stockhorn. — Platform fine place of view, 180 feet above
 the sea. Young student rode off, and afterward became
 a clergyman!!! — Münster begun in 1421. Fine build-
 ing - elaborate & rich, but not religious. West Portal
 has sculpture of last judgment. Monument to Bachli's
 erected in 1600, and set to 18 officers & 683 soldiers who
 fell fighting the French in 1798. — Fine Museum.
 Was this of Burgundy who saved 15 persons on St. Bernard. —
 Town library of 40,000 vols. Many excellent charitable
 institutions. Public granary for scarcity etc. — Fortifications
 are now promenades. Must get passport at Berne —
 Berne founded in 12th Century. Many feudal lords,
 but B. got the people united. They began —————
 At Jeggstorf, a little village, we saw Urtnen,
 & Hofwyl, the institution of Fellenberg. He has a sem-
 inary, school for poor & agricultural establishment.
 His 3 scholars take a pedestrian excursion through Swit-
 zerland. When he came in 1799 a boy. He has
 taught thousands, and made the neighborhood
 a garden ————— Near by is the castle of Reichen-
 schwand, belonging to Rudolph of Glarus, hero of
 battle of Laupen, killed in old age by son in
 law Jost von Rudenz, with sword he wore in
 battle. Burned by 2 bloodhounds who broke loose
 at master's cries. They returned with bloody lips,
 and Jost was never seen. — At Founbrunnen,
 saw monument where Bernese defeated Engländer
 de Casey in 1375. Splendid tree. — We got quite tired

26 and turned for the night at a roadside inn about 2 miles out of Solothurn. Called for tea, and got sweetened water. — I dreamt of wife death last night. — Grew more homesick. — Should be glad to leave Europe tonight. —

Sept. 11. We left our little inn this morning for Solence before breakfast, and walked thence. Alps still, and grand weather. The wind has now blown steadily east for five days, and unlike America, no sign of rain. No. makes potatoes small & few. many fences. ~~~~~~~~~ & ~~~~~~~~~. Just before entering Solence or Solothurn we passed Züchwil where are buried the vitals of the world renowned Shaddery of Waburn, or Shaddery Kosciusko, the Poleander, whose banner was from Campbell one of the best of English lines. "And Freedom shrieked at Kosciusko's fall!" His inscription is as follows. Viscera Shaddery Kosciusko. We found the house where he died, No 15 Gusselengasse, next door to the P.O. — Solence we found to be a very fine city of 4700 people — once walled. It & at the foot of Jura. 60 years of the 17th century were devoted to fortifying it, but in 1835 Canton Council decreed their removal. Found a modern church, in Italian Architecture, St Ursula, bathed. Still. Was a soldier in the Swiss legion — buried in 1773. A most honest building we have seen in Switzerland. Fountains all around it — very fine. very large. — Tert. gluckenthum. German inscription says it is 500 years before Christ. Not so "Munich" work of Paganism. Ring of Square, rough stone, & no windows or openings for 89 feet. Solence oldest city in N.W. Europe excepting Troyes. — *In Celtis nihil est Solothuro antiquius, unde Exceptis Treviris, quoniam ego dicta Dorost*

539 2m Jura - long ridge between France & Switzerland & 20-30 feet & a part of it
152

Arseval has large collection of armor. - Museum Jura fossils,
30 fossil turtle rocks of Prof. Muz. Catholic bishop of Bale.
Cath clergy very powerful. Several convents. St. Joseph's nun
new outside Berne Gate. - 2 miles N. is hermitage of
St. Verena, formed by French refugees in French Revolution.
under M. de Bretenil. fine place & chapel. Weissenstein, a
large ~~crag~~ ^{peak} back of S. a fine place for 24 can-
nons. ~~It is a part of the Jura~~ ^{part of Jura Alps. (see Alpine near Geneva. height 5910 ft.)} Hotel.

& bath on mountain top, 3950 above the sea, & 2640
above the lake. Dairy of 60 cows. Invalids resort there -
Goats everywhere. Splendid distant view of the Alps,
a chain 200 miles long in full sight. -
From Mt Blanc to Saint, & all Bernese chain. In fore
ground lakes Morat, Neuchâtel & Bière, while the
lake, very serpentine leads to threads of silver at
the mountains foot, and far away. - On leaving
Solothurn, Prov. G. was taken quite ill, and we were
obliged to walk very slowly. He would not ride,
though, as he could not walk I tried to persuade
him. Consequently we only reached Balsthal in

14

7 hours, - a distance of 14 miles. - The road wound
up a lovely vale at the foot of the Jura, and
at length we came to a singular pass, where
the Jura is sent from top to bottom, making
a perfectly level road, beside a pretty stream,
while the rocky ledges rise several hundred
feet on both sides. This defile is called Scluz, from
dansen. - It is an important military path, as it
opens into Switzerland. - There are in and near
the pass ruins of four fine old castles. New Falk-
enstein north end; Redberg East end, Blauenstein on
South, and Falkenstein over the village of Balsthal.

The owners of these were enabled to levy black mail
on whomever passed. Falkenstein belonged to Rudolph von
Wart, who was hanged on the wheel, and whose wife
comforted him till he died. (See My Germans.) for helping
murder Emperor Albert. Destroyed by men of Biele, because
owners captured load of supplies belonging to them.
Commanded several roads, and looks prominently on the
peaceful piles of industry. Iron ore smelted at Iller. —
Air has been cold all day, notwithstanding sun shone
bright. Bitter sailing, heavy & killed by frost. —
mountains are white with snow, while the grapes
have yet two months to ripen. Vast difference in
valleys & mountains here. — Should have mentioned
that the day we ate strawberries it snowed a little.
Savages here most barbarous. Can scarcely make
myself understood, or understand the harsh dialect.
Saw lots of pine and other woods to-day, remind-
ing me of home —. Man and dog, cow alone, dog,
ass, goat, ox, ox & cow, cow & horse, horses & cart or lead &c
constitute teams. — cows look like bulls. — Solene was
Salodurum of the ancients, & lies mainly on left bank
of Aar. Many monuments of the Romans. — The church
in S, has pictures by Dominicus Corri, and much costly
work. And a tower 190 feet high.

Sept 12th

We left ~~at~~ ^{yesterday} morning on foot, and were
only able to walk to Bullthal ^{see of} ~~at~~ ^{at} Pörs. George's
complaint grew worse, and we were forced after
was took at midnight the diligence for Biele,
a distance of 30 miles. We passed thro several towns
of importance, but the darkness prevented any
sight of them. At daylight we found ourselves at our old

hotel in Biele. Here we remained until 10 o'clock when we took our departure for Mulhausen in the cars. As soon as we entered the territory of France, the train stopped, and we were all forced to get out, show our passports, and have our baggage all examined. Thus, though I have entered the dominions of many European powers, including the despotic Kingdom of Prussia, it is to be recorded that my first limousance was in the French Republic. We arrived at Mulhausen, a large and active French city in strong contrast with the quiet places we have been visiting - in about 2 hours (30 m.) and reached until 7 evening, when the diligence took us on our way to Paris. We found invariably that the soil of France was not particularly good, very flat and uninteresting, more so than in any place we have yet visited. In the diligence we fell in with some charming Swiss company, where though in a French realm, we was able to recruit my German. We rode all night, at 12 had made about 30 miles more.

90

Sept. 13 Still in the diligence which carries barely long enough for us to eat. We average about 5 miles an hour, but owing to the immense weight of our vehicle and the hardness of the road, our progress down hill is really fearful. Description of carriage & horses. Country same. Passengers. A horrible weary road. never such an one before. Diligence is the only name for our carriages at all appropriate. At 12. midnight

125 have made 125 m. —

Sept 14 This morning at 6 we have made 30 miles more, and had arrived at Troyes, where we took the car for Paris. 90 m. — Country more highly cultivated than before. Our carriage locked, and we forced to remain. Started from the wheels to a car and thus we traveled in the car to Paris. Passed through Champagne. — Since Switzerland have passed through and seen the following cities some of which are famous in history. Belfort, ~~Vesmont~~, Langres, Besancon, Dijon, Chantilly, Troyes. And now we are fairly in Paris. And truly, I never saw a city before. Such streets and crowds of houses and humanity! We got a room in a central hotel in the Rue de Victorie, but not liking it very well we obtained two lodgings in the Hotel de Place d'Orleans, a fine hotel in a capital place. A Paris & night, and eat where we please. — Saturday afternoon and evening we devoted looking about the city. Saw several public buildings etc, and after three nights sleeplessness, we were glad enough to rest.

Sept 15 Sunday in Paris. The wonders and beauties of this city of the world, I cannot write. In my Galagnanis Guide is a description of what works of public interest I saw, but the unwritten sights of Paris can not be here recorded. Never on any gala day did I ever see any approach to the frivolity, dissipation, and uproarious merriment and sin of this Lord's day. But in the night it

5746m 156

surpasses all human imagination. Let Boston & New York be multiplied together, and let the fabled Sathan be teacher for a thousand years, and still Paris would lead off. May it ever as much excel New England, in these respects as now. Women, bells, &c.

Sept 16 Still busy applying this great Pandemonium. Still its wonder increase. Cannot stay to write the marvels of this pattern of civilization. See marks in Galarquain.

Sept 17. Spent the day in looking. Rode three hours thro' the city. Almost fresh night adventures.

Sept 18 Started this morning for leave. Arrived at a little after noon. Witham tell, 1500 tons, sails tomorrow. I shall go in her. Looked about this place - dull and dirty. Rooms splendidly situated. Fine church. Lived at hotel, and

Sept 19 entered on board in the morning. Full of passengers. Ship, German, French and English. New ship. First voyage. + leave month of June. ^{fortified, well at a} del. only harbor from Cherbourg. 7000 tons. Ship of 60 guns can float. Depart at Paris. Never looking houses. Sch. 5 convert. Louis XI. 1509. - French called it Francisopolis. chapel on body of grace. Le fleur de grace.

Sept 20 On account of number of passengers the ship could not start yesterday, and we are at 5 this morning still at the wharf. Slept on board last night. Got along well, but about when we move, I shall do - can't tell yet. Rainy, bad wind. Out to sea at noon, and a terrible sea it is. The fine storm. Waves higher than I ever saw them. Boats rolled about like

5871

mad. Tumbled out of bed. About dark sea sick again. Plenty of it on board. Men women and children.

Sept 21 Still sick, still rough. Can't eat to save my life. After sitting and lying all day more dead than alive I went to bed early.

Sept 22 Sunday once more on the sea. Should never know it but for memory. Where shall I spend the day again as I should? Soon I hope, — and better than ever before. Must I look forward to four or five more like this? — About noon we got out to where the Easterly wind met the West, which had been prevailing for several days, and from that through the night a fine time we had of it. Never got such a rolling before.

Sept 23 Violent rain in the morning, but towards noon it cleared up, and we are running nicely out. Are fairly at sea. Mate said he was once 22 days in getting to where we are now! Spend a part of every evening in talking with officers and sailors, and listening to their yarns. Wind strong east. All sails set. Passengers mostly recovering, and all looks prosperous.

Sept 24 Strong west wind — rain, gale — head wind. Regular line storm. Cannot sit, stand or sleep, except on our heads. Never saw or imagined anything like it. Terrific but grand — glorious. Nearly lost our masts. The sailors say. Sea all white and black. Tumbling out of bed &c.

6523

15-8

Sept 25 Same. Gain on my German. Have two or three
 6 very pretty grammars. Am interpreter for the of-
 98 fices to a considerable extent.

Sept 26 ~~The~~ Gale increases. Very grand. Seems as if ship
 7 would lie down in the water, and when
 208 the great waves thump her, it seems as if the
 timbers must break with the shock, which is
 as like a dozen earthquakes.

Sept 27 Same. ever the same. Only one drawback - we must
 have a terrible long voyage at this rate. If the
 250 wind does not shift, - but it will I know.

Sept 28 Same, same, Same.
 240

Sept 29 - Sunday - the gale has abated somewhat, tho
 10 S not much. Rough - rough - head winds. - - -
 Gale has much increased again. Awful. The wind howls
 awfully. Sounds like a steamboat letting off steam, only
 220 more so. Never passed a more miserable night. Verily
 believe I shall never grow any more! Read some.
 Write as much as I can. Hard work. Translating
 Hans Andersen. Shall be in no hurry to forget
 and forsake the delight and joy of N.Y. Sabbath
 again. - Separate character of sailors - German
 women. Vulgarity of both.

Sept 30 Still the gale continues. Tired to death. Long for
 11 New York & home more and more. Ship with its
 222 744 passengers seems unhealthy. Fear the ship
 7761 has or something wrong.

Oct 1 Gale abates, and wind more favorable. Yesterday the
12 tempest broke off our foretopmast, which was entirely
170 new.

Oct 2 Wind fresh and good, and we make good prog-
13 ress. Water splashes high above our decks, which are
very high. We are encouraged to hope for home
130 by the middle of the month. German singing &
drinking.

Oct 3 Weather a little better, but no favorable wind yet.
14 Begin to be discouraged. Shall we ever reach
112 home. I seem, and have ever since I left home
in a dream. 3 months today since I left home.

Oct 4 Wind a little better, weather gloomy, nights oppressive
15 by but, but no good wind. Glad I gone by the
120 Bremen Steamer, I should today probably be in
New York, instead of in the longitude of the Azores.

Oct 5 Weather same. desperate character of seamen. late
16 night. Grief Stream - water warm.
104

Oct 6 As lonely a day as ever dunned. Wind weak,
17 S sky clear, all well, and everything prosperous.
80 Still Sunday. How many more? O home &
friends! —

Oct 7 A heavy, dull, rainy day. I translate and
18 letter, and talk, and sing, and wish for
75 home, I long to be useful once more, and
8552 every hour hinges on leaden wings.

Oct 8
19

248

Last night at 8 o'clock the wind suddenly changed, and we now have a gale blowing right aft, and we are sailing at the rate of eleven miles an hour. Storm averaged all night and all day ten. So splendid. Sea all creamy foam around us, and as far as we can see are creamy streaks across the blue. The waves chase us, large as hills, lifting us on their broad backs, the wind and spray fill the air, and we go like the wind. Great traveling. — Last night a child two years old died, and today we had the funeral. A German clergyman said a few words, and it was cast into the sea. Poor thing. Large and strong as our vessel is, it cannot carry but five or six souls. — New York in 8 days if the wind holds.

Oct. 9
20

174

Wind fair and good, but sea quite smooth. Last night a birth on board. A young "Seaborn" who will find it hard to tell his birthplace. Born all along shore. Translating talking Deutsch.

Oct. 10
21
160

Wind fair yet, and very strong. Another death of a child. Wind increases.

Oct 11
22

50

Another child died. Wind increasing this morning. — At 12 o'clock, Mr. a terrible tornado blown among sails as a white squall, struck us. Could not see a hundred feet from the ship for rain, and foam and high waves. Sea white as milk all around the ship. — Lost two booms and sails. — See "New Yorker" — Never before saw or heard the truly awful on the sea. It seemed as if God passed.

9184

and as if in the pauses Christ was talking and pre-
aching. For 20 hours we laid to, and drifted at
the mercy of the winds. On deck and pulled with one
hand, holding on by the other. Ship on beam ends, &
yards, (very high,) touching the water!

Oct 12²³ At eight we hoisted a few sails, and to day with
a fair but very strong wind we are able to sail.
79 Rough and terrible. Can never forget the storm. The
North Sea was nothing. Our captain is a "barom-
eter sailor" and his instrument indicates one of
the greatest hurricanes ever known, so he refuses to
hoist more. On the "Grand Banks."

Oct 13²⁴ Yet another Sunday on the sea. Can I spend
another here? I fear I must, but pray I may
not. Cold, foggy, rainy, windy. for now
"descends on the Atlantic"

The gigantic
Storm Wind of the Equinox!"

9 2 and from Labrador, and Newfoundland, and Greenland
and Iceland; and I know not but Spitzbergen
the winds have a fair share. — I know not
whether most to tremble at God's Majesty on the
sea, or to admire man's ingenuity in building the
cunning ship, to triumph over it. — Oh for the
smell of the red Autumn woods, for a sight of their
varied foliage, and for the sound of their dy-
ing melodies, mingled with the music of
the sacred Vålbatter Bell. — Oh for the faces, and
voices of the dear loved ones at home! Home —
9.35 dear, dearest Home!

Oct 14. Are moving across the "banks" with a tolerable wind. Cannot go fast. Wind is strong, but not much in our favor. - Saw a large ship in sight this morning, which seemed to be at anchor, but on approaching nearer, we saw that her spars and sails, and two topmasts were gone. When we were alongside, we found she was waterlogged. She was the *Important* from St. John, loaded with lumber - a valuable cargo. The water was dashing clear over her decks. The crew were of course gone. Where? Whether they had put off in the small boats, or had been swept off, or starved to death, or picked off by some other vessel, God above only knows. Perhaps the latter, as some of her rigging was gone, which would not be likely to blow away - A lovely sight, drifting solitary about the Antarctic seas, was that deserted ship. - moonlight shining,

Oct 15 Head wind, and cold of winter. We can never arrive so. - ~~Two~~ other children dead, in consequence of the bad air in the ship. Beutleprep of sailors & passengers. Not very well, and devoted the day to thoughts of home and family, as Willie is to day one year old.

Oct 16 Cold still, and a wind not favorable. We are over the Banks, and are now on the coast of North America. It already begins to seem like home, - though not quite. Another week at least, unless we have a better wind. Sleighs! - See ships in the distance frequently now, though we have not seen any for a ~~weeks~~ weeks or more at a time.

Oct 17²⁸ Head wind and cold. Saw a Sunfish, and several vessels in the distance.

Oct 18²⁸ A splendid breeze, and we go 7 miles an hour. Hope to see land soon; shall if the wind holds. Pray it may. A fifth child dead. Saw a sunfish, and several vessels in the distance.

Oct 19²⁹ Wind not so good. Night, and obliged to go somewhat off our course. Cold and dull. Should like to be at home gathering my garden. A dead calm early in the forenoon, which continued all day and night. Another child dead.

Oct 19³⁰ A splendid wind, showing us along at the rate of eight miles an hour spring up this forenoon, which lasted all day and night, with little variation. If it holds, we shall see New York Wednesday. Warm as summer. Night is sufferably hot.

Oct. 20 Sunday once more, and the breeze holds, Although the day is very dull, foggy and rainy. Made pretty good progress till noon, when, another calm. Good breeze at 9 P.M., which lasted till 2 next morning. Am very dull, homesick. Lonesome and unhappy, especially Sundays. Long to be at home, and at work.

Oct 21³² An awful head wind, and very cold. Dis-
 couraging. Expected to be in tomorrow, and can-
 not. Shall be another week if it holds. Oh dear
 and Oh Dear! - Passed a bayonet and a ship
 quite near. beating as hard as we were, though
 at a better advantage, for we are so very high out
 10, 11, 13 of the water.

- Oct 22
33
50
Head wind and calm all day. Too bad - too bad.
Shall never cross the Atlantic again in a ship
without my friends, - it is too, too tedious. In all
we have buried 11 children - (dancing at night.)
- Oct 23
34
150
Good wind at daylight, which continued all
day. Going along finely. Got up anchor, and
expect to see land tomorrow morning. Thank
Providence! Welcome will it be to us all.
- Oct 24
35
140
First rate wind, and hot summer weather. Glorious
moonlight nights. Am up every night, and am
on deck three or four hours. Had another tremen-
dous squall. A marriage on board.
- Oct 25
36
175
Glorious wind. We were passed by the Lady Franklin,
a Liverpool liner, as we have been by
every ship we have seen. ^{Many very large and small} large and small.
So our great joy we have today a pilot, who
says we are 200 miles from New York! He
says the "Connecticut," which started two days before
us, got in ten days ago! The "Bell" is a miserable
sailor. - Another child dead.
- Oct 26
37
140
Grand breeze, but rainy. Hope to get in to
night, and leave the ship to-morrow. Praise God
it may be so. - Another birth. Saw land to-morrow
morning.
- Oct 27
38
80
19370
A terrible gale drove us towards Long Island,
accompanied by a dense fog, and when it
cleared up, we were almost on the land.

五

109

31

11,0153

250

a long passage. — Took Empire state for Boston
Paid nothing for fare and supper. — Saw a
Mr. Saggart in a flying machine, a mile
or two above us, and against a strong wind,
he passed us! — Magnificent host and table. —
How greatly I thank God for preserving me,
and for allowing the friends I left, to remain
to receive me.

Oct. 31.

250

250

Mr. . near Haynes 10.00 60

Child at Jubilee -

Mrs. Bell 70

Dr. . wife - Jamestown 10.00, 3 0

Alfred Taylor 26 =

Shomo M. 30

Mr. Roland 26 =

¹¹⁶⁶ Mr. C. H. McArthur

" Dwight Chamberlain

-7-

2

1832

~~4,70~~ ~~4,70~~ ~~4,70~~

$$\begin{array}{r} 2420 \\ 470 \\ 144 \\ \hline 68 \\ 3102 \\ 1128 \\ \hline 1974 \end{array}$$

~~15~~ ~~11~~ ~~17~~ 1,29

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Sally Isle
Lizard Point
Edystone Light
Southampton
W. of Wight
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Portsmouth
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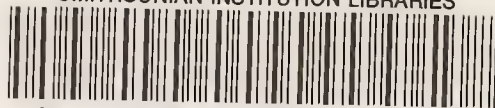
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Optical station is placed
so the water level is the same



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